



LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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The Bell of St. Paul's.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

POET AND PLAYER LAND.

HERE beginneth the first of many lessons. Here followeth the first of many rambles.

To him who walks abroad in London with his eyes open there are no streets—not even those of Florence and Rome—fuller of instruction and delight. But while even the most ignorant tourist gets all that his unhistorical soul can absorb—which is not much—out of the Florentine streets by diligent study of his Horner and his Baedeker, few indeed of those who daily go up and down the London streets regard their antiquity or heed their history of a thousand years. Yet in those streets has been enacted a long drama in many acts and countless tableaux, with incidents and situations of surpassing interest, by a people incomparably more worthy than the Italians. If you see, as you may occasionally, a little party wandering about, curiously poking and prying into odd corners, armed with Baedeker or Hare, wanting to get into closed Churches and asking where are ancient monuments which have been swépt away by greed and avarice—they are sure to be Americans. They cannot walk so well as the English, and pilgrimising is therefore a weariness to the flesh. Yet they

continue to go on pilgrimage. Of English pilgrims to the sacred shrines and holy sites of London Town there are none.

Perhaps, if there were guides, there would be pilgrims. A cicerone who can speak is far, far more useful than one who is only read. First of all, he knows his way and does not have to ask it constantly, and does not cause one to weep in wrong places, which is humiliating. If, for instance, there were guides like unto Althea, there certainly would flock unto the City a noble army of pilgrims, young, enthusiastic, athirst for knowledge. But there are none like unto her. And, which is the more to be deplored, she herself has now retired from the profession in which she was once so distinguished an amateur. Circumstances over which she has had positively no control have removed her from the Borough of Southwark. There is a vacancy. In these days of feminine competition, certain people have discovered that the calling of Cicerone might be found lucrative to those ladies who would take the trouble of acquiring City history and archaeology. None but the resolute should attempt this branch of knowledge, which demands, to begin with, a vast amount of reading and a tenacious memory in order to acquire the necessary equipment. None, again, but the sturdy and the strong-backed should attempt to practise this profession. That young lady who cannot do her ten miles of street tramp without fatigue; who cannot bear the jolting of a cab all day long without getting a pain in the back; who has to lie down with a headache after lecturing in the streets for half a day,—had better think of some more sedentary occupation. City Cicerone: Parties personally conducted: Lectures given on the kerb: the oral history of the London streets: the wondrous tale of Church and College, of street and square, of court and alley, of river side and ancient wall, of merchant princes and stately companies—a splendid vista opens before one. I see the guide, young, strong, and—yes, surely—beautiful, bright-eyed, enthusiastic, followed by her party of ignorant—humbly ignorant—West Enders or Americans, sallying forth to extend their knowledge and her own income: to inculcate in them respect for antiquity and to pocket for herself substantial fees: to make dumb stones speak to them and to enable herself to keep her brothers at home in the idleness due to their position as gentlemen.

‘Well,’ said Althea, the only, the original pioneer of this profession of the future, ‘we will begin with this side of the river if you will put yourself in my hands. I wonder if you know the memories of the ground. This—for instance, is Poet and Player Land.’

'My mind is as a tablet of virgin wax,' said Laurence. 'I only know that all this city is full of history. Deal with me as you think fit.'

Althea considered a moment gravely, as if impressed with the responsibility of her task, and then led the way to the west end of Bank Side, where, beside the wharf with its mountain of petroleum casks, it melts and merges into Willow Street, where now no willows be this many and many a year.

'Now,' she said, holding up a finger monitory. 'You see, I suppose, a narrow street with warehouses and wharves—nothing else.'

'Nothing else, except two lamp-posts.'

'Very well. It is no use—no use at all—going any farther unless you are able to shut your eyes to everything that stands upon this ground. You must make believe, Mr. Waller. Oh! if one could not make believe every day, it would be difficult indeed to live here.'

'I will make believe, then, most obediently. Only tell me what I am to see.'

'Nothing very difficult. But first of all these streets and houses must vanish.'

'That is indeed easy. See! Presto!' He waved his hand. 'It is done. They are gone. There are no more streets and houses. But for the moment there is nothing else. The human eye, Miss Indagine, abhors vacuity. What should I see?'

'Instead of mean streets there are beautiful gardens, leafy trees, grassy lanes, flowery hedges, and ponds.'

'Certainly. Stupid of me not to see them before. They are here—gardens full of flowers and the most umbrageous trees in the world.'

It was clear from the rapt look in Althea's eyes that to her the gardens and hedges were really there. But it must be confessed that her companion departed from the truth.

'We have gone back nearly three hundred years,' said Althea, 'we are in the year 1600 and in Queen Elizabeth's reign. That, of course, you can see for yourself, by the way that the people are dressed.'

'Of course one recognises the costume.' Laurence looked about him critically. 'It is picturesque. I think I have never seen it before off the stage.'

'We are ghosts: we wander unseen among them: we can talk and they will not hear us: we can watch them but they will

not notice us. Oh! we shall have the most delightful walk. I have often and often been among them before, but always alone. It is stupid not to have anyone to talk with on such a walk, is it not?

‘Do you never talk with the people?’

‘No,’ she replied, as gravely as a child pretending; ‘I am invisible, you know. Let us begin. See, now, this is Love Lane.’

Laurence looked down a dark passage with high buildings on either side, so narrow that there was hardly room for two men to pass each other.

‘There is always a Love Lane or a Lover’s Walk in every place where there are open fields near a town. You are very lucky to visit the place in June. See how bright the hedge is with the wild roses: and look at the flowers above the ditch. It is pleasant to walk along this lane in nearly all weathers, except the depth of winter: but especially, now, in the early summer, and at evening, when the people on the Bank are beginning to be noisy over their cups and their songs. Listen! you can hear them tinkling their guitars. Some of them play and sing very sweetly—their songs are all about love and Venus—but you know they are mostly players and poets, and they drink and sing and quarrel every evening. Only a little while ago—five or six years now—they killed poor Christopher Marlow in a tavern brawl—you remember Christopher Marlow?’

‘Perfectly. Perfectly.’

‘I have often seen him on the Bank. He was a handsome man not yet thirty, but he drank too much wine and he showed at times a wild and disordered countenance. I used to meet him when I was a little girl, and before that fatal quarrel, in these very lanes. He would walk along tossing his arms and spouting his splendid verses, thinking that he was all alone, because of course he could not tell that a girl of the nineteenth century was watching, could he?’

‘Naturally he could not.’

‘Then they killed him. I was very sorry. They ought to have buried him in St. Saviour’s where so many of his old friends were to lie, but instead of that, they took him all the way to St. Nicholas’, Deptford—I have always thought it such a pity that our own Church could not have the keeping of his remains.’

‘So have I,’ said Laurence.

‘Behind us are the Falcon stairs and the Falcon Inn. Very

good company used to land at those stairs and take a cup at the Inn on their way to Paris Gardens—great Lords and foreign ambassadors in their state barges. Those are the Paris Gardens over the hedge—Love Lane runs along the West side of the gardens. Formerly there were many rustic walks among the trees, but since they have kept the bears here and since the Lord Mayor has sent his hounds to the place and the London butchers have brought their offal here, the gardens are no longer pleasant for the citizens. The walks are overgrown and the flower beds and lawns are neglected. And that is why the trees are grown so thick that you can see nothing through the branches. We will not go into the gardens to-day, I think. What with the baiting of the bears and the bulls and the horses, there is generally such a rabble as would disgust you.'

'No,' said Laurence. 'Bears and bulls are rough company for ladies. I will go alone some other time. Let us go on.'

They went to the end of Willow Lane and turned into Holland Street.

'If we were not in Queen Elizabeth's time,' said Althea regretfully, when they came opposite to the court of Hopton's Almshouses, 'I could show you a most interesting almshouse here. But of course it isn't yet built. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were not many almshouses. I could also show you Zoar Street where John Bunyan preached—but he has yet to be born. At present, you see, all is garden and wood. You are wondering, perhaps, to see so many ponds about. It is a great place for ponds and streams. The reason is that this part lies low: if it were not for the Bank it would be under water every high tide. I suppose that is also the reason why there is so much fever and ague about the place always. But here—here'—she turned into one of the meanest, dirtiest, ugliest streets possible to conceive—'here we are at last really on the most classic ground in the whole of London. This, Mr. Waller, is, I assure you, none other than Maiden Lane!'

Laurence observed from the legend on the corner house that they had changed the name, but as his guide looked so triumphant he tried to look as if he understood all the glories of Maiden Lane.

'The modern houses have quite, quite vanished, have they not?' asked Althea, watching her companion's face with some anxiety. In fact, his eyes were palpably, obviously, considering the present appearance and the inhabitants of the street—which

is now re-christened by order of some barbarian, and called Park Street. It is narrow and squalid: the houses are mean and dirty: the shops are those which belong to a very poor quarter: and there is continually, day and night, floating on the air, a thick, invisible cloud of smell. I know not how high it rises overhead, but at the elevation of five feet seven, where Laurence first struck it, the smell was as strong as Alcides, and as penetrating as the dart of Cupid. Laurence gasped, choked, and rushed through this bank of fragrance before he replied.

‘Yes—yes—they have all quite vanished, I assure you. At that moment—when you spoke—there were, it is true, a few ghosts—mere shadows—of houses: and there seemed—perhaps my fancy—to be the faint ghost of a smell—very odd thing: I never met, before, with the ghost of a smell—fried fish it was—fish fried in oil—fish not quite fresh dipped in oil rather turned and then imperfectly fried—a very odd ghost.’ Althea listened with some impatience. Such ghosts troubled her not: she was used to them. ‘All gone now, Miss Indagine—even the ghost of the rag and bone shop, with the old woman, all rags and bones herself, in front. Nothing now but gardens and hedges and wild flowers and the—the—oh! Lord! that fried fish!—the sweetest fragrance from the wild roses and the honeysuckle. It is a balmy air. Only to breathe it is sufficient.’

‘We are in Poet and Player Land,’ said Althea, apparently satisfied. ‘Some of the Poets and the Players lived on the Bank: they all came here to the Bank to sing and drink wine and smoke tobacco. But in these leafy lanes they walked together and held serious converse: they were not always drinking, you know. Here you may meet Shakespeare and Ben Jonson together. Beaumont comes here very often: he is a very fine gentleman who dresses like a courtier: and here walk Massinger and Ford: and I have seen Edmund Spenser here, but he is now dead. In the summer when the theatres are open and the Bear Garden, the lanes are filled with people who have come across the river to see the play and the baiting: but indeed you can hear them.’

‘It is indeed a beautiful place to walk in,’ said Laurence, doubtfully, because he thought he saw another ghost of a fried-fish shop a few doors ahead.

‘Of course,’ said Althea, ‘this is the best time of the year for the lanes. In winter it is impossible to walk here for the mud. Besides, there is then almost always a white mist hanging over

the place, and it is said to cause ague. This little cut across the fields is called Bandy Leg path. I know not why. This'—they were now at the end of the street where she herself lived—'is a way through the gardens to the riverside. Some day, perhaps,'—it was indeed a remarkable prophecy—'this path and all the lanes may be covered with mean buildings. Don't forget, pray, Mr. Waller'—for Laurence again showed a disposition to consider the houses—'that we are in the year 1600. You are only a Ghost of the Future.'

'Yes, yes, I remember—only a Ghost of the Future. It is a great power to be able to wander in the Past—mere Ghosts of the Future. How I pity those unfortunates who have to remain among the Present in the Flesh!' At that moment the Doctor emerged from the house and walked hastily up the street. But Althea seemed not to see him.

'Do you hear the drums and the trumpets?' she asked. 'What a noise! Why cannot they carry on their show without such a clamour? They are going to bait the bear in the new house—not in Paris Gardens. Look, there are Burleigh and Alleyne the players: and Henslowe with a great Lord. Look at his silk cloak embroidered with pearls. Let us follow.' She turned out of Maiden Lane into a narrow little street leading to the Bank. Halfway down the street widened into a tiny square with a tavern in one corner. 'This is the entrance to the new Bear Garden,' she said. 'It is the Hope Theatre as well. The Tavern is full of people drinking. Well, they will destroy and build over the Bear Garden, but the tavern will remain. You don't want to see the baiting, do you?'

'No, unless you wish it.'

'Certainly not. It is a terribly noisy scene, and the men use horrid oaths. Besides, I have another surprise for you. You have heard of the Rose Theatre, of course?'

'Oh, yes! The Rose, of course.'

'There it is.' She pointed down another alley narrow and dark, parallel with the street of the Bear Garden.

'Oh! This is the Rose Theatre, is it?' Lawrence gazed with interest at the wall of a warehouse. 'I never—do you know?—expected to look upon the Rose Theatre.'

'A little farther down I can show you something even more interesting.'

Just here the street passed under the arches of Southwark

Bridge, but the Vision of the leafy lane remained in Althea's eyes. A little beyond the Bridge begins the wall of the great Brewery. Althea stopped before this wall.

'There,' she said, 'is the Globe Theatre. It was only opened a year or two ago. Half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays have been already brought out here. It is the best and largest of all the Theatres. The old Swan in Paris Gardens is pulled down, I believe; but, as I told you, one cannot walk in those gardens any more, and I have not yet seen either the Curtain at Shoreditch, or the Theatre in the ruins of Blackfriars, or the Fortune at Cripplegate. The play they have acted to-day is the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a pity that we are too late for the performance.'

'It is a finely-proportioned house,' said Laurence, with the docility of the One-eyed Calendar.

'Yes. Pity to think,' said Althea, 'that this Theatre, which ought to be kept sacred to all time, will be presently deserted and the place left to itself for two hundred years. Then they will build Barclay and Perkins' Brewery upon it.'

'Barclay and Perkins!' cried Laurence, with more animation than he had shown for the Bear Garden or the Rose. 'Is this Barclay and Perkins?'

'Oh! Mr. Waller! I thought the houses had all vanished.'

'But you brought them back, you know, by talking of Barclay and Perkins.'

'Well, let us leave off pretending. Have I made you understand a little where the old theatres stood?'

'I am ashamed of myself, Miss Indagine, for making believe so badly. But I do understand something, thank you.'

'Then for the rest of our walk we will be moderns again. This street'—it was that into which Maiden Lane ended—'used to be called Deadman's Place. There ought, properly, to be a legend about it—a murder and a ghost—and people should be afraid to walk alone in it at night: but now they have quite forgotten the story, even if ever there was one. This corner house is the place where the old Clink Prison stood—the Prison of the Liberty of the Clink—many a poor player has been laid by the heels in this prison for brawling. It still looks gloomy, though it is only a warehouse now; and this narrow street—Clink Street—was once a lane running along the north of Winchester House, the Bishop's Palace.'

At the end of the street they came upon the river and upon

the queerest little dock that was ever seen, with just room enough for a barge to float in it.

'This is St. Mary Overies' Dock,' said Althea. 'It was made long ago for the brethren of the Priory. Perhaps, even, for the sisters of the old House founded by the Lady Mary long, long ago, even before London Bridge was built. They had a chapel here and looked after the Ferry. Very likely this Dock was one end of the Ferry. The Sisters were followed by a college of Priests, who built a timber bridge. And then came two Norman knights, named Pont de l'Arche and Dauncey, who founded the Priory. The monks kept their barge of state laid up in this Dock, and the barges for the carriage of their wine and provisions put in here. The monastery stood here, at the back of the great church where are now nothing but warehouses. But only a few years ago there were still ruins left.'

By this time the Shakespearian vision had quite departed, and Althea was back again in the present day. She led her companion by another lane to the open space before the church. By a happy accident the doors were open and they went within.

It is wonderful to think of this great and splendid church lying buried and almost forgotten at the foot of London Bridge. They pulled down quite needlessly the stout old walls of the ruined nave, and they built up a Thing of ugliness and meanness in its place : they destroyed the Bishop's Chapel and would have destroyed the Lady Chapel as well, but they were prevented by the courage of one man. There are a hundred thousand who daily cross the Bridge and look down upon the church : from all the trains between Charing Cross and Cannon Street the passengers can look upon the Tower : yet, the whole day long, this splendid Chancel is quiet, untrodden by the feet of strangers, save by a few Americans who come over the river to see the place where the poets and players lie buried and where the martyrs were brought to hear their sentence, which was always that of death through the Gate of Fire. Why, even in the church itself, a glass screen divides the new nave from the Transept, and the scanty congregation know nothing of the glories of their old church.

Althea knew its history and all its monuments, and showed them, reading the inscriptions through like a conscientious Cicerone : the tomb of John Gower : the figure of the Templar, doubtless Pont de l'Arche himself : the figure of Lancelot Andrews—father of all those who would read Mass for Morning Prayer : the names of Fletcher, Massinger, and Edmund Shake-

speare carved in the stones of the chancel: the stalwart form of King James's Gentleman Porter: the recumbent Doctor, inventor of the Pill which cured most diseases and prevented all the rest—he is represented—nay, photographed—in the great suffering caused by taking one of his own Pills an hour or two before his demise: and the monument of Mr. Richard Humble, with the pretty lines,—

Like to the damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossoms on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flowers of May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
 Even so is Man whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out and cut and so is done.

‘Are you tired?’ Althea asked when they came out. ‘Have you seen enough?’

‘How can one ever be tired, with such a guide? You have taught me more in an hour than I could have learned in a month from the books. And all this—’ he looked at Althea as he spoke, but perhaps he had the old sites in his mind—‘all this—on Bank Side.’

‘My father has got a collection of the old dramatists,’ said Althea. ‘By reading them and his books about London, of which he has a great many, it is easy to make out all these associations. If you like, I will take you, another day, into the City, where there are still a great many things to see, though none more interesting than these.’

‘Let us go. Let us be ghosts again. I like being a ghost—in company. To be a ghost by oneself must be lonesome. Let us go somewhere else to-morrow.’

‘For to-day,’ said Althea, ‘you shall not be a ghost any more. Another day—perhaps. Oh! there is a great deal more to see on this side of the river. There are the old Inns, but they can wait: there is Guy’s Hospital: there is St. Olave’s: there are Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe, and Deptford, and Greenwich—oh! quantities of places full of wonderful things—to those who can shut their eyes. But to-day I am going to show you only one more thing—very different from Poet and Player Land, if you will come with me.’

‘I will go with you cheerfully, Miss Indagine, even to the South Pole.’

She took him up the stairs to the main street and turned southwards, and her face, which was as changeable as a field of golden corn in a day of cloud and wind, became strangely sad and grave.

‘When I first read *Little Dorrit*,’ she went on, breaking out in an unexpected place—from Shakespeare to *Little Dorrit* is a considerable jump—‘I understood the book far better than most people could. I am going to tell you why. Let me show you, first, all that is left of the place where Mr. Dorrit lived so long. When I read that book it was not of the girl I thought—the girl who was born in the Marshalsea and went in and out every day—it was of a boy who came to see his father and to watch the prisoners—a boy with bright eyes. See, this is the Marshalsea—all that is left of it.’

She led the way down a filthy and narrow passage to a paved court. A row of houses stood back to back: there were iron railings guarding a gateway and a gatehouse: the iron railings stood open and the gate was gone. Within, was another broad paved court with a high wall on one side. The upper windows looked out upon a churchyard with trees in it.

‘This is the place,’ said Althea. Laurence observed that for the actual place, the slattern women, the dirty children, the houses with their open doors, the bits of things drying after the wash—she had no eyes. She knew how to shut them. ‘Here Mr. Dorrit lived. His room, I am certain, was up there, the second house from the end, where the windows command the best view of the trees in the churchyard. Two years ago I could have shown you the rest of the Prison: there was the old White Lyon, the ancient county Prison, what they used to call the Surrey Clink, still standing with its little exercise yard and its two great rooms—a real prison. But it is now all pulled down and built over. Don’t you hear the chatter of the idle prisoners? Can’t you see the boy—his name was Charles Dickens—looking and listening and forgetting nothing? Come away. It is dreadful to be here.’

They left the place of gloomy memories and walked a little way farther down the street. Presently Althea stopped and pointed to certain blocks of comparatively new houses across the road.

‘Those new houses and streets,’ she said, ‘cover the site of the old Queen’s Bench Prison. It has not been pulled down very long. Oh! I am glad it is gone. I am glad to think there is

nothing left of it to preserve its memory. I hope it will be clean forgotten.' She spoke with more vehemence than was appropriate to a mere abstract dislike of a Prison. 'It is a hateful, dreadful place. Now I will tell you why I understood *Little Dorrit* so well. It is because my father passed his boyhood in this Prison. All that I read in that book, and more, I have heard from my father about this vile and wicked place. His father, my grandfather, died in that prison. There were three of them—my grandfather and his two boys; one of them, the younger, *Aeneas*—a very little boy. My grandmother was dead. They were horribly poor, and their long poverty and the shame of the prison—it is a dreadful thing for a boy to have to confess that his father died in prison—and the sights and sounds of the place sank so deep into my father's heart that he has never forgotten them—or the man who caused all this suffering.'

'I knew something of this,' said Laurence.

'How did you know? Did Cassie tell you? Never mind. You think, Mr. Waller, that my father is absurdly sensitive; you wonder that a man should leave his friends and give up his work and retire to such a seclusion as Bank Side, all because he received a harsh and unjust criticism. But remember the poverty and the degradation of his boyhood passed in this prison. How he got educated at all I know not, because I cannot bear that his thoughts should ever be turned to that miserable time. This it was which made him morbidly sensitive. He always remained afraid of the world. Some men do not seem to care a bit for the world: it never terrifies them. To my father the world seemed always so terribly strong: this came, perhaps, from living among men whom the world had crushed. I brought you here, Mr. Waller,' she added, looking up to him with her frank, clear eyes, 'because I wanted you to know exactly what happened to my father: I thought you would then make allowance for—for what you think is too sensitive in his character. I wanted this the more because my father likes you so much and because you may perhaps lead him a little out of his retirement. You know that you are the only man who has ever read and loved his poems.'

Laurence blushed, but made no reply.

They began to retrace their steps in silence. But Althea stopped before a great modern church in the High Street. Of the thousands who pass this church every day I wonder how many pay it any heed or know aught concerning it. Even St. Saviour's is better known.

'I must show you,' she said, 'the strangest churchyard in London. This is St. George's—the oldest Church in the Borough of Southwark. It is older than St. Saviour's, though the building is quite modern. This was a place of sanctuary, formerly. Southwark Fair used to be held here. But it is the churchyard that I want you to see. Let us go in. This is the burial-place of all the poor prisoners who died, during hundreds of years, in the Marshalsea and the Queen's Bench and the old White Lyon. Bishop Bonner is buried here: here are lords and great men as well as the humble and unknown who have died in the prisons and were brought here when—when the Lord granted their discharge. The poor prisoners! The place, before they left off burying here, was crammed with dead men's bones. The people in the Marshalsea—that is Mr. Dorrit's window above the wall—must have heard the knell ringing and watched the funerals going on every day. I don't think Little Dorrit noticed them very much. Oh! if one could only write a history of St. George's Churchyard—but the very names of the prisoners are long since forgotten—and their unjust sufferings and the punishment for their sins—all gone out of men's minds. Among the company of the dead prisoners, Mr. Waller, lies my grandfather.'

The churchyard of St. George's, like most of the London churchyards, has been turned into a public garden. They have cleared away the headstones and removed them to serve as a kind of lining to the walls, where they are neatly arranged in a row, so that no dead man shall be able to grumble or to complain that he has been forgotten before the letters of his name have had time to wear themselves out. Nay, so great has been this zeal to prolong the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the yard, that even the headstones where nothing at all, neither name nor date, can be any more made out, have also been preserved with the rest. But as for the exact spot where anyone lies buried, that is clean forgotten and can never more be learned. Two or three of the more magnificent tombs have been left *in situ*. The ground, which is in shape what Euclid calls a gnomon, is laid out in flower-beds and shrubberies: there are wooden benches for the convenience of those old people who come here when the sun shines, to repose and meditate: the children drive their hoops—in hoop time—which is late autumn—about the paths.

This afternoon many old people were on the seats: some of them in the tasty uniform of the Union: the garden was in its fairest summer beauty: the leaves showed still their first bright

green : the flower-beds were gay with annuals : some of the shrubs were in flower.

‘It looks a pretty garden now,’ said Althea. ‘But its beauty lasts a very little while. The leaves fall off in September, and are swept up and carried away. Just now it looks too bright and happy for the burial-place of the poor prisoners. But come here in November when the leaves are all gone, and you will see nothing but black earth, black boughs, black trunks, and headstones which can no longer be read ; and then you will remember who lie buried here. The Dorrits had no flower garden to look into : only a crowded churchyard covered with neglected graves and—I always think so—broken bottles. At this spot, at my feet, was buried my grandfather, Sylvester Indagine. And over there, against the wall, is his headstone. I keep it clean and scrape the black moss out of the letters. I really do think that his is the only stone which is still cared for.’

Laurence stepped across and read, ‘In Memory of Sylvester Indagine, who died April 5th, 1842, in the Queen’s Bench Prison. May the next world be kinder to him than this !’

‘My father comes here sometimes, but not often, because the sight of the stone recalls the old time and revives the old bitterness. You spoke the other day, Mr. Waller, of Mr. Norbery. Never mention that name to my father again. It was Mr. Norbery who caused the ruin of my grandfather. First, he made him sell his property to himself, just before the new railway increased its value enormously : then he robbed him, somehow, of the purchase money : then, because there was still some chance of getting more money out of him, this greedy money-grubber threw him into prison and kept him there—until he died. The prisoner died cursing the name of Norbery. But he lived on and prospered for forty years and longer afterwards. If all the curses laid upon the head of Mr. Norbery had taken effect, I know not what would have happened to him. Now, Mr. Waller, I will show you no more to-day. You came from Australia to see London, did you not ? Well—this is a piece of London which I think that Australians very seldom do see. Let us go home.’

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT.

By five o'clock in the afternoon most of the students in the Physical Laboratory had put away their work and gone home. One cannot, I believe, successfully conduct a Research for more than six hours a day. Two or three were left, standing each at his own table, his own jet of gas, his tubes, his blow-pipes, and his scales beside him. The Demonstrator, who had all day long been assisting and advising the others, now stood idle, his hands in his pockets, either tired or a-thinking. The place was quiet—a physical laboratory can never be noisy—although, outside, the city was still at high tide of work and activity. Gresham College, as everybody knows, is the old college recently converted to ways of modern usefulness: and the Demonstrator to the Professor of Physics was none other than Mr. Oliver Luttrell, B.A. London, Ph.D. Heidelberg, and F.R.S. Yes, although he was as yet no more than six or seven and twenty, for original work that he had done, important papers that he had written, and wonderful discoveries that he had made, this fortunate young man had already been received into that Royal Fellowship and was entitled to use after his name those three letters—the possession of which is the ambition of every worker in the field of science who respects himself. In the language of the Craft, he had already 'done something'—strange that these words in other circles should bear a meaning so widely different!—and he was expected to do a great deal more. Now a young man who is already a Fellow of the Royal Society, and is Demonstrator to one of the first men of the day, and has his work in London, is supposed to have the ball at his feet, even though his salary be no more than 150*l.* a year. What matters the salary? He has enough to live upon: he has a splendid Laboratory in which to work, filled with all the newest machinery: he is always in the centre and heart of everything that goes on: he gets to know everybody: he hears of everything: he is sure of getting a good post in time:—such a man among those who follow science is counted worthy of envy. Whether, as the Doctor of Bank Side prophesied, this young man will become President of the Royal Society is a point which may be left open for time to show. It was an old woman who first made the sagacious remark that Time would show—I believe that all

the really valuable remarks on the Conduct of Life have been made by old women. The men receive them and appropriate them: work them up into proverbs: illustrate them by fables: spin them out into poems, plays, and novels: call them their own. But they really belong to old women. Think of the profound wisdom of that ancient lady who first calmed the passions, soothed the fears, curbed the impatience, and cheered the despair of her grandchildren with the startling discovery that Time would show.

The Demonstrator, after looking round mechanically as if to see that no one was in difficulties, walked slowly and thoughtfully down the students' room. It was a long room, narrow and lofty; provided with a great number of tables, each for one student to work at undisturbed. At the end of this room was the Lecture Hall, a large square room with a platform for the lecturer, a great electric Battery, a black board, and a vast table covered with bottles, cylinders, tubes, and all manner of machines. Two doors, one on either side, led to two rooms. One of them was the private room of the Professor; the other that of the Demonstrator. The latter room, into which Oliver turned, was provided with a table at the window covered with papers, proofs, and letters, and fitted with drawers. Another table stood in the middle of the room on which were instruments of all kinds—delicate scales under glass, thermometers in wooden tubes, discs of glass, blow-pipes, gas jets, retorts, and strange instruments, the uses and names of which are unknown outside the trade.

The Demonstrator took a chair at the former table and sat down. But he did not immediately snatch a pen and begin to work. His papers were ready for him on the blotting-pad, but he regarded them not. His thoughts were outside his laboratory and beyond the world of science. In his hand he held two notes which he kept on reading over and over again, but mechanically and without paying any heed, for his thoughts were not with the letters nor with the writers of them. Yet he continued to read them—everybody knows how a simple mechanical trick, such as this, may sometimes assist the mind in a time of doubt or difficulty.

The first note was very short. It was written in a sprawling, half-taught hand, and the spelling was lamentable. Let us not expose the weaknesses of a lady.

‘Dear Oliver,—Come to supper this evening after the Theatre. Harry will be here, and there will be nobody else except the old lady. Your affectionate sister,

‘JULIA.’

The second, over which he had perhaps shed tears till there were none left—for he shed none now—was longer and pitiful.

‘ Dear Oliver,—Oh! how can you ever be anything but dear to me after all that has passed? You did love me six months ago. I could not be mistaken—and oh! how happy it made me only to see the love in your eyes and to feel the touch of your hand! You love me no longer: you have forgotten the words you said and swore. You have told me that it is all over: and you ask for your letters back again. I will never give you your letters back. As for the ring you gave me, it hangs about my neck, and it shall hang there all my life. It is harder for a girl to forget than for a man. You taught me to love you. Oh, you made me love you! I did not ask for your love. You gave it to me. For six months I have thought of you all day and all night. I cannot tear you out of my heart—and I will not. You shall live there always, whatever happens, and whatever you do. No one knows, and no one suspects, and I shall tell no one—not even Althea. So you can come and go as if nothing had happened.

‘ CASSIE.’

He read the letters one after the other. Then he put them down. Then he took them up and read them again. But as for his thoughts—it is impossible to translate into words the thoughts of a man, even the most stupid of men. They are lit up by so many side lights, flashes, and breadths of sunshine: they are so varied with shadow and with colour: they flow like a stream with so many twists, turns, waterfalls, rapids, backwaters, lashers, and broads, that it is impossible to do more than to indicate their tenor. Somewhat after this manner, however, the young man was thinking:—

‘ On his first stay—the first morning—he goes to Joe Mayes and tries to find out about old Norbery. Pretends not to know that he was dead. Asks after a will. Says there was a will. Who is he? How should he know out in Australia?—who told him? Was there really a will? He doesn’t look like a lawyer’s clerk. On his first visit at home he asks Uncle Clement what he knows about old Norbery. Who is he then? Althea says he has come all the way to gaze upon the heavenly poet. Ho! Very likely, indeed! To gaze upon the Bard. Mayes says he remembers signing a will—but he does not know its contents or what became of it, and he has forgotten how long ago it was. How should any one in Australia know of that will? The other

witness was Backler's chief clerk—who is dead. And Backler is dead. If no one here except Mayes—who says he never spoke about it—knew that there was such a will, how should it be known in Australia? Why does he go and take lodgings at the Cottles'? Who is he? Who is he?

He unlocked a drawer and drew out certain papers covered with notes, one of which he sat considering. 'Why not?' he said. 'Althea ought to have it all. Even if her father will not claim his rights. It should be hers—and mine.'

The sound of a manly footstep outside disturbed him. He pushed the paper back into the drawer, with the two letters, and rose from his chair to greet his visitor, who was none other than the Australian of whom he had been thinking.

'Glad to welcome you in my den,' he said, with a hand-shake and a smile of the friendliest. 'I thought you would like perhaps to see our newest Physical Laboratory—I believe we are very complete.'

'There,' he said presently, 'I think I have nothing more to show you. Perhaps you have a place in Sydney as well appointed as this. All the great cities of the world are becoming alike, just as all European hotels are alike. But you have not got our Professor,' he added with loyalty.

'I don't know much about Laboratories,' said Laurence. 'But in Sydney we like to think that we have the best of everything. Perhaps we deceive ourselves.'

They had come back to the Demonstrator's private room by this time. Oliver offered his visitor a cigarette case and took one himself. Then he leaned back in his chair, tilting it up, and watching the wreaths of smoke.

'How do you like Bank Side?' he asked carelessly.

'Very much. I am greatly interested in Bank Side.'

'You will go down to posterity, my uncle Clement thinks, as the pilgrim who came all the way from Australia to gaze upon him.'

Laurence laughed. 'That is not a strictly correct way of putting it. I did, however, ask for an introduction to the poet. Remember that in Australia we do not often get the chance of meeting a poet.'

'Come now,' said Oliver sharply. 'Frankly, have you read a line of his poetry? Do you know anybody who has? Did you ever hear of his poetry before you came here?'

'Frankly, no. I have never seen or heard of his verses. But if he thinks I have, why disturb that belief? I did not deceive him, and I shall not undeceive him.'

'Humph! But you had heard of him before in reference to other matters?'

'Certainly, I had heard of him before, and of other people on Bank Side. That is why I am here. Come, Luttrell, I have seen the question in your eyes a dozen times. They look at me and they say "Who the devil are you?"'

'Is it not natural? I find you installed at my father's house —*ami de famille*.'

'Perfectly natural. I am the son of Sir David Waller, K.C.M.G., Premier, unless he has been kicked out since I left, of the Government of New South Wales. I am over here on a holiday for myself and on certain private business for my father. And I have been asked to ascertain, while I am here, the present circumstances of certain people, including Mr. Clement Indagine.'

'I see. You will pardon the offensive curiosity of one not wholly uninterested in those people, I am sure. My father and my uncle are a pair of hermits. Althea is a hermit. They have never once, until your arrival, had a stranger within their gates. As for society at Bank Side, there is none. There is a clergyman or two—and there are, I suppose, a few doctors—sixpenny doctors. Well: they have taken a great liking to you—because you listen to their talk.'

'As for the talk, I assure you that I find it delightful.'

'Very good of you to say so. Perhaps it may be interesting at first to a stranger. As for myself I find it dull. It is the talk of thirty years ago. I would as soon read the Quarterly Reviews of the same date. Do you know what is the most deadly reading in the world? It is the day before yesterday's leading article. Very well—the talk at Bank Side is the talk of the last generation—which corresponds. Good Heavens! There is not a single point on which in thirty years we have not completely changed—and those two still love the old worn-out shibboleths and believe in the old worn-out doctrines. Yet, to you, no doubt it is interesting—at first.'

'Very interesting indeed.'

'My father, you see, held these old-fashioned notions and thought he could do nothing better with himself than buy a practice—such as it is—among the poor, and live for them. Well: he has lived for them: they send for him at all hours of

the day and night, they never leave him for a couple of hours to himself. He is over sixty years of age: the poor have had the whole of his life: whether they are any the better for it I don't know: but they have had it, and so far as he himself is concerned, he has given himself away.'

Laurence at this point was by some unseen force violently snatched away. He was on Bank Side in the evening, and he was walking with the Doctor, who was speaking with enthusiasm.

'I left my son, Sir,' he was saying, 'to work out for himself his own creed, his theories, and his convictions. He has been brought up without dogma, without illusions, but without contempt for those who hold this or that opinion. I have watched his mind expanding and feeding on the facts and laws of Nature. He has now reached the point when he has begun to understand the true Brotherhood of mankind, and the dependence of man upon man. Then he will proceed to the next grand lesson of life, that he who would save it must throw it away. He only truly lives who lives for others. Thus he will climb to the highest level of all—and understand the Christ. To learn step by step for himself is better than all the dogmas of the Sorbonne.'

Laurence in imagination heard these words a second time with a kind of pity. How would the Doctor be undeceived! Then his mind came back to the Laboratory. Oliver was talking—what had he said? But Laurence was only away in spirit for a brief moment.

'They still talk that kind of thing, I believe,' he was saying, 'but it has lost power except over a few enthusiasts. Formerly, the world was inclined to believe it. We are all Socialists now, of different kinds, and we go for first principles and laws of nature. For instance, most of us recognize the broad bottom fact that every man lives for himself. Some of the Socialists go on to demand an equal share of everything—most illogically. We want, on the other hand, a clear field for the fight, and for every man to get what he can.'

'Oh!' This was indeed to be at the point of recognising the beauty of sacrifice.

'They used,' continued the Philosopher, 'to believe in a Gospel of Supply and Demand, which was a very fine religion for capitalists, and made them grow rich with easy consciences. We are substituting the law by which the spoils go to the strong.'

'And is there to be no living for other people at all?'

'My dear Sir,' Oliver said with amiable pity, 'let us not talk vague sentiment. Come back to the hard facts—to the Laws

of Nature. We cannot possibly get outside them, try as much as we please. Very well. Nature speaks to the Individual, not to the Community. She says, "Thou shalt eat." She doesn't say, "Thou shalt eat for thy neighbour." Not at all. Every man has got to eat for himself. Eating is a perfectly individual duty—for purely selfish purposes. That simple law is the foundation of private property, individualism, and everything.'

'According to that, the more we civilise the world, the more we develope the individual.'

'Quite so. To civilise a man is to create more wants: that is, to increase his appetite and his ravening. The more he desires to get things, the fiercer, the more resolute, the more unscrupulous he will be to get them. Humanity, as it gets more civilised, will become more and more a battle-ground for the strong, and a Hell for the weak. Don't you like the prospect? If you are strong it will be a very pleasant life indeed, especially after you have fought your way up.'

The Philosopher took up a skull which stood on the table and turned it over in his hands. On the forehead some one had written in pencil—'Sicut Deus eritis.'

'Here is your man,' he said. 'This is his brain-pot. Whatever you do to this creature, he remains Man. He is Man who wants: Man who takes: Man who fights. Civilise him. Then, I say, he will want more, and he will fight the harder. What? Would you not fight to the death rather than go to live in an Irish cabin in rags and filth, on potatoes and bad whisky? You think you would rather die. But then you would not die if by killing your neighbour you could get what you want.' His eyes flashed for a moment. 'No—not if that alone would give it to you. Man must always trample on Man. That is the Law of Nature.'

'It seems a poor show for the future.'

'Not quite what we expected—eh? Not what we have been taught to expect, is it? Well: the good old bourgeois teaching is pretty well played out, I think. We are marching rapidly to the stage where there will be left no illusions. People will no longer, for instance, be persuaded that the wrongs of this world are going to be righted in the next: they will therefore want them righted now. As for the modern illusions about man's rights and man's equality—they will be given up, too. There is no equality, and nobody has got any rights. We shall openly educate the boys for the battle where the spoils go to the strongest. I like the contemplation of that time, for my own

part. No privilege of rank—no inheritance: no rights for anybody. A free and fair fight and no favour. It will be a splendid time for the strong man.'

'Is there any place for pity for the weak?'

'In the long run—none. The last illusions to be thrown away will be the illusions of pity and of love. The highest development of civilisation will be a supreme individualism: it will be a return to savage times, with the addition of all the modern wants and the modern science.'

'And what will happen then?'

'I do not know'—Oliver laughed a low, musical laugh—'I do not know. It will be a very fine world, that is certain. Only the strongest allowed to live, unless—which may come—we breed a race of slaves intellectually and physically inferior. An interesting world! A really interesting world! Full of curious things!'

'No honour, no religion, no morality, no pity, no love?'

'My friend, no illusions. That sums up the situation. This seems to me the tendency of modern things.'

'I came to see a Laboratory,' said Laurence, laughing, 'and I learn a lesson on the New Political Economy.'

'Not a published Economy. Pray understand me: I see, or think I see, the current beginning to flow in a certain direction. It is interesting to consider what may happen. That is all. As for me, I am a man of science, and I have no interest in any Political Economy.'

It was as if he felt that he had said too much.

'Well,' said Laurence, 'I am interested in both your Laboratory and your lecture. Thanks for both. We shall meet at Bank Side—perhaps to-night? No! I don't intend to believe, you know,' he said laughing, 'that any of the old illusions are going to be given up.'

'Not given up. They are slowly vanishing, like the mists at sunrise. We shall stand in the clear light and see ourselves, as we are.' He laid his hand, perhaps by accident, on the skull again. '*Au revoir.* At Bank Side, or elsewhere for choice.'

'He knows something that he won't tell,' Oliver murmured as his visitor closed the door. 'Does he know what I only found out a week ago?'

He took an envelope out of his pocket-book. It was old and stained. 'I found it,' he said, 'in an old desk. I wonder I never found it before.' He opened the letter in it and read:—

‘Dear Bob,—I have got here safe. I don’t know, yet, what I shall do or where I shall go. They tell me that the best thing I can do is to make for the West where new towns are springing up and there’s a chance for a fellow. I’ve got enough money to last for two or three months. Out in a Western town, I may be editor, lawyer, land surveyor, doctor—anything I please. If my uncle Sam Norbery makes a certain discovery and carries on about it, please tell Clem that I couldn’t go away without doing something to make him in a rage. After all, it is nothing that can do anybody any harm. Keep Clem out of my uncle’s clutches. Ugh! what claws he has! I wonder if he would have been so hard upon us if my mother had lived. The memory of his sister was of no avail, so perhaps her living presence would have done nothing. Write to me.

‘Yours ever,

‘ÆNEAS INDAGINE.’

‘His nephew! Clement is old Sam Norbery’s nephew. And no will! And he knows by this time that the old man is dead, and yet he makes no sign. He is capable of anything—the two together are even capable of leaving all that money unclaimed. And all—all—would go to Althea. I wonder what this fellow Waller knows and what is his business! Well, let us think: let us think. A world without illusions: every man for himself: for the man of resource a most interesting world, full of strange projects and crafty enterprises. A very interesting world indeed.’ His eye fell on Cassie’s note. ‘No illusions, my poor Cassie: not even the illusion of love! Recent discoveries have destroyed that illusion.’

Laurence walked slowly away. Outside, in the street, he looked about him. The City was the battle-field: the men who hurried along the streets were the combatants. There was nothing, then, after all, but the fight for food first and for luxuries afterwards. There would never be anything else. All the rest was illusion.—He shuddered.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER THE THEATRE.

THE curtain at the Alhambra fell at eleven o’clock, or thereabouts, upon the final scene of the most gorgeous ballet ever put upon that stage. The central figure of the group was, of course, the lovely and accomplished Giulia Coronini, the most popular favourite

that had ever appeared even upon those boards. She stood in the midst, surrounded by her attendant nymphs—I believe she was Diana, but perhaps she was Venus—all with gleaming arms and sparkling eyes and set smiles and tow wigs, and all bathed in the radiance of I know not how many coloured lamps. When, in obedience to the applause of the House, the curtain rose again for a minute, the *danseuse* stepped forward and bowed and smiled collectively and individually upon all her admirers. That is to say, she was a woman with black eyes so bright and so quick that every one of her thousand lovers caught a glance from her which he took as intended solely for himself. Youth is foolish: youth is credulous: youth knows not the word impossible: youth went home from the Alhambra with beating heart and cheeks aglow, thinking of those flashing eyes and that glance. This, though youth was penniless: this, though youth brandished the yard measure in Regent Street: this, though he guided the swift pen in the City: this, though by *Granta's* silver stream he meditated the Mathematic Muse for scholastic purposes: this, though the white collar and the flopping felt were already made for his reverend brows. Youth, when he got home, sat down to write a love letter before he could go to bed. He offered his valuable hand and his valuable heart and promised to lay at the feet of the Goddess the whole of his future—the present—owing to ancestral prodigality—not being worth offering. This was the reason, and no other, why two postmen, instead of one, had to do the first morning round in Victoria Street. They were wanted to carry the love letters addressed to the Signora Giulia Coroni. She opened them all: if one contained, as sometimes happened, a ring or a bracelet, she smiled and kept it. The rest she threw into the fire. But she answered none of them.

Half an hour after the curtain fell she appeared at the stage door, where was formed, as usual, a lane of those young men who still openly worship Venus and come nightly to gaze upon the Goddesses in *mufti* whom they have just adored in their celestial dress. The glamour of the stage remains in the eyes of those worshippers for half an hour at least; wherefore, for the moment, the ladies who come forth from the stage door are as beautiful under the gaslight in their stuff frocks and shabby hats—or in their silks and sealskins—as when the electric light was turned upon them in their flaxen wigs and the sparkling bravery of their stage attire.

At the aspect of the illustrious Giulia, wrapped from head to

foot in a soft grey mantle, the lane with one consent murmured aloud, as if the sight of so much loveliness, with the memory of that last group upon the stage, simply compelled the voice of admiration. Thus Beauty, like Dentistry, or the worship of Baal, may cause man, natural man, to cry aloud. She walked with her shapely head thrown back, as if to let them see her face the better: the gaslight fell full upon her dark cheeks and jet-black hair and flashed in her black eyes. In that brief moment of transit she swept the crowd with her swift glance: she laughed in their faces, as if she rejoiced to think of the young men yearning for the impossible. So Circe laughed aloud at sight of her pigs. Yet each of these Transformations swinishly interpreted her contempt into selection and preference. Thus every one of these young men received the dancer's laughter as a gracious mark of favour meant for himself alone. When she got into her brougham, one young man stepped forward and, raising his hat, dropped into her lap a bouquet as beautiful and as large as, in the month of July, they are made. She laughed and nodded her head to him: the carriage drove away: and the fortunate donor of the bouquet, thus honoured by special recognition—he would have been torn to pieces by jealous rivals had he remained—vanished into the darkness. Let us be charitable to this lane of amorous youth. The worship of the actress is only the worship of Beauty in the abstract. All the virtues, all the graces, all the loveliness, all the charms of womanhood are concentrated in a creature inconceivably beautiful, dancing, smiling, posturing, acting, singing upon the stage. Let them worship their ideal. When, like Giulia Coroni, the Goddess is unapproachable, and always drives home alone in her brougham, no harm is done to anybody; and since in this case the object of their worship really was a most beautiful woman, a truly lofty ideal of beauty and grace was nourished in the hearts of her adorers.

The Signora lived in a flat, one of those in Royalty Mansions, Victoria Street. She was the tenant of the first floor. The ground floor was occupied by an Irish Peer, who in these hard times cultivated the profession of Director and was doing tolerably well. On the second floor was an advertising stockbroker—one of those benevolent magicians who, for the paltry consideration of a 'cover' of ten pounds, will make you the owner of a goodly, if not a princely, fortune, and then again—presto!—with a twirl of his wand will cause this beautiful pile to vanish away—'cover' and all. He and his friends always walked up and down the

stairs as slowly as ever they possibly could in order to meet—if kind fortune should give them that chance—the divine Giulia. This event came off about once in four months, but when it happened it caused their hearts to glow with rapture ineffable. Sometimes, too, they met his Lordship. These gentlemen belonged to that class of City young men—I am told that it is now singularly small and daily diminishing—who love above all things the sight of an actress or a singer or a dancer off the stage: next to this, they love the sight of a Lord. The advertising broker, as is often the case with men who make an early success, had a large following of friends: they were bitterly jealous and envious of his good fortune, and behind his back remembered his *præ-successful* times, the obscurity of his father, the lowly condition of his cousins, the meagreness of his first beginning, and the time when he would have been thankful to possess a spare half-sovereign. These reminiscences, which are the chief solace of the unsuccessful, did not in the least prevent them from drinking as much champagne, eating as many dinners and suppers, and having as gaudy a time at the expense of this Fortune's darling as he would stand. The money flowed in, and the money flowed out. Who would not be an advertising stockbroker to take their money from greedy gamblers and give it to his friends and to deserving tradesmen and virtuous showmen? As for the top of the house, it was inhabited by a journalist who never came home until the stockbroker's friends had gone, and never got up until the middle of the day when they were all in the City.

When the Signora arrived home, supper was already served and her supper party were waiting for her. The party consisted of two men only: one of them our friend Oliver Luttrel, and the other a tall and swarthy man, handsome, in his way, which was something in the light cavalry trooper style, or the circus rider style—he would have looked well in the costume of an Afghan warrior, or in the full dress of an Indian Rajah. He would also have made a good model for Jugurtha, or indeed Belteshazzar, or perhaps General Hamilcar. But in evening dress he was incomplete. Apart from his face and head, which were remarkable, there was nothing to distinguish him from his kind, or fellow-professors, who are always seen in evening dress when the shades of night prevail. It is now a part of the profession to put on evening dress—they may be seen every night in the lobbies and lounges of certain theatres. The evening dress which they wear is of the most pronounced kind possible within the very limited range allowed.

One would think that they wished to call attention to their aristocratic appearance and manners—beneath that costume what but the most unblemished honour could survive? The flower in the button-hole is as large and splendid as can be procured: the chains, rings, studs, and wrist-links are big and beautiful: the linen is snow-white and ample: the overcoat and hat are absolutely correct. They know a good many men who frequent the same haunts, just as their predecessors used certain taverns: they are sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by young gentlemen from the country or from the colonies, to whom they communicate information of the most useful kind. Of course they are sometimes seen in morning dress, and then it is on race-courses. And I am told that there are now certain clubs whose members enjoy not only smoking concerts, dances, dramatic recitals, and the handling of the gloves, but a little nap, baccarat, or piquet, in quiet card rooms. Formerly, the word Pigeon would have occurred to the mind at the sight of this gentleman, and one would have looked around or waited to hear the cooing of the dove. Formerly, too, the name of this gentleman was Hawk, and the hawk belongs to a good and ancient family of fighting habits. Now—such is the degeneracy of modern manners—the pigeon, who came of a good and honourable, if simple, stock, exists no longer. In his place is the Juggins, who is stupid but not credulous: who would be crafty if he could: who is only a lamb when he thinks he is a wolf: and would himself, if he could, become the modern successor to the ancient Hawk. Whatever you call that successor, apply the title, dignity, and description to Mr. Harry Stanley, the one of the Signora's guests who was in evening dress. He was smoking a cigarette at the open window, and he was conversing in a low voice with Oliver Luttrel, who was sitting at the same window. Their conversation, if we may judge by the scowl on the latter's face, was not pleasant.

Although the season was early in July and the evening was warm, a fire was burning in the grate. On the hearth-rug in front of the fire lay a figure wrapped from head to foot in a great crimson cloak, the head propped on pillows. It was so motionless and still that you might have taken it for a bundle of clothes or a lay figure; neither of the two men regarded it in the least.

The room was well-proportioned and large: the furniture was good: but the tenant clearly had her own ideas on the subject of colour, and these were not those of the aesthetic school. The

walls were painted crimson, with a gilt dado: the curtains were crimson, with gold fringes: the chairs and sofas were covered with crimson velvet: the carpet was crimson; the lamps had crimson or yellow shades hanging over them: the very glasses on the table were all of red or gold. The redness of the room would have affected the aesthetic person like unto the breath of a raging fiery furnace.

‘Oliver,’ said the man in evening dress, carrying on the conversation, ‘it comes to this: you must get money.’

‘I can’t get any money.’

‘Besides what you owe me—never mind that for the present—between brothers, what is a pony?—you lost twenty pounds and you gave an IOU at the club on Sunday.’

‘Tell the man—what is his name?—to wait. He must wait, unless you will lend me the money.’

‘Oh! very well. But, sonny, if you play cards at clubs with gentlemen, you must follow the rules of gentlemen. That is, you must pay up.’

Oliver made no reply.

‘Otherwise, the next time you are taken to that club, you get the Boot. And as for the man who took you—’

‘That’s enough,’ said Oliver impatiently. ‘How the Devil can I give you what I haven’t got?’

‘Get it, sonny; get it,’ replied the other, blandly. ‘What do other fellows do? They get the money when they must. They get it off the old man—you’ve got an old man—’

‘He’s got no money to give me.’

‘They use their wits to get it, somehow. But they do get it when they must; and the time comes—don’t you know?—when it’s their turn to lift the swag—when they’ve learned the trick.’

‘You mean I am to learn how to—’ He did not finish the sentence because Mr. Harry Stanley nodded his head with decision.

‘Pre-cisely. That is exactly what you will have to do. If you want to go on the race-course, you must either drop your money or know your way about. If you play cards you must know how to cut and how to deal and how to make friends. Lord! Lord! To think that you could sit down to play with one of us and believe that the play was square!’

‘Then,’ said Oliver, ‘what did you let me do it for?’

‘Perhaps I wanted you to learn your way about by yourself a bit; perhaps—but here’s Julia.’

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the Signora

herself. She threw the door open with what is commonly called a bang, and stood for a moment with a stage gesture as if expectant of the applause which every night welcomed her appearance. Then she tore off her cloak and threw it carelessly into the corner—in these chambers things were a good deal thrown into the corner—and stood revealed in a dress of crimson velvet, with a gold necklace, gold bracelets, and a great gold chain round her neck. When she changed her dancing dress at the Theatre it was for this magnificent costume, though she was only going home to have supper *en famille*. But she was one of those ladies who love to feel themselves dressed. Only when she had chains of gold about her, diamond rings on her fingers, and could stroke the rich silk or soft velvet of her dress, did she feel truly happy. Her figure and face set off her splendid attire ; for she was tall and ample in her proportions, and her countenance was that of a swarthy Queen. The great Zenobia probably resembled Giulia Coroni : and perhaps Vashti, or even Esther herself, was not unlike her. Helen of Troy had black hair and black eyes, but she was of whiter skin and of more slender figure. As for her face, it was not a merry or a laughing face at all : she was one of those women who never want to make or to hear a joke : she could smile when she pleased—how she could rip when she was angry one dares not guess : she could also laugh, but it would only be at the discomfiture of an enemy.

‘Come,’ she said, ‘let us have supper. Oliver, you look down on your luck. Has Harry been teasing you for money ? I warned you that he would make you gamble. As if there ever was a Romany who would not gamble and bet and race. You might put on your evening things, my child, when you come to supper with a lady. Lord ! It isn’t as if I cared about dress clothes, but they look like money ; and if we are swells and have left the tents and the road—you remember the tents and the road, Pharaoh, if Sam doesn’t—why let’s behave as such. Open the champagne, Pha—I mean Harry—and let’s all have a glass to begin with. Give Oliver two, to make him stop scowling. He looks just like he did twenty years ago. That’s right. Where’s Granny?’

‘She’s dead, I think,’ Harry replied, twisting the wire. ‘We’ve been here half an hour and she hasn’t moved. Lively company she must be, all day long.’

‘Here, Granny !’ The girl pulled off the mantle and raised the form which lay huddled up beneath. ‘Come,’ she said, ‘you’ve been asleep before the fire all the evening, and it’s a

baking hot night. Get up and have your supper, and then you shall go to bed. That's right—now then.' She lifted the helpless bundle to her feet, where she stood—an old woman, shrunken, toothless, her face lined with a thousand curves, bent with rheumatic pains, and shaking her head with palsy—mumbling and grumbling—a very terrible old woman to look at. The girl twisted her wig straight—it had wriggled round so as to cover one eye—pulled her things right, and led or carried her to an armchair at the table, where she sat blinking her eyes and bobbing her head. She was dressed, however, in black silk and had a gold chain round her neck, and looked wealthy if not venerable.

Julia poured out a tumblerful of champagne and gave it to her. The effect on the old lady was wonderful. She ceased to shake her head and sat up, and her eyes became steady: she was no longer contemptible or pitiable.

Then she looked about the table and saw the two men.

'Pharaoh!' she murmured affectionately. 'What a man he is! It does an old woman good only to look at such a man. Ah, once they used to look at me. Give him all he wants, Sal, all he wants. Brothers such as him are scarce. Give him all you've got so that he may go about with the swells. Is that Sam—little Sam? Oh! I knew him again when first he came back to us, three weeks ago. He ain't growed much. But he was always a little shrimp. An ugly little devil he was, too.'

'Very well, Granny. Now we will sit down and have supper, and let us talk.'

They waited on themselves. After all, that was but a return to old customs, and was no hardship but a relief. In their waiting the plates mostly went into the corner where the cloak lay, because a lady does not change her personal habits with her clothes, and the divine Julia, not to speak of the gallant Harry, remembered many of the habits peculiar to the tent and the road, and practised them when no one was looking. As for the dear old lady, she sucked the bones and scraped her plate, and used the knife instead of the fork, quite after the old fashion, without shame or knowledge that there should be any shame. And all of them attacked the supper, which consisted of many excellent dishes, including cold salmon, mayonnaise, aspic of plovers' eggs, other crafty compounds of jelly and toothsome things, and tarts and cakes, with a vigour and heartiness perhaps hereditary. In the old days their ancestors, when they did get a feast, which was not often, made the most of it.

As for the old lady, the champagne had so set her up that she took as much supper as her granddaughter, speaking not one word until she had quite finished. Then she held out her glass and drank off another tumbler of champagne. This despatched, she fell back in her chair and began to murmur, sometimes under her breath and sometimes aloud.

‘She’s been at the cards again,’ said Julia. ‘She was sitting over them all the afternoon. She’s full of our fortunes. Never mind, Granny—we don’t want to know what’s going to happen.’

‘The Jack of Spades—that’s Sam,’ said the old lady. ‘The Jack of Clubs is Pharaoh. I read Sam’s fortune for him to-day, I did. Ho! ho! if Sam only knew what was coming! ’

‘He don’t want, Granny,’ Julia interposed. ‘Oliver, it seemed a grand thing for you, that day when the swell took you away in a growler and I climbed up behind to see where you were going. Sal, I was then—now I’m Julia—things have altered a bit, haven’t they? Look at me now. Look at the fine times I’m having. Come and see me at the Theatre, with all the House clapping and stamping the moment I appear: look at me—able to live like this—to drink champagne every day—to put on as much silk and velvet as I can—what do you call that? ’

‘It means success,’ said Oliver, whose face, thanks to the champagne, had lost its scowl. ‘It means, I suppose, that you’ve gone to the front, Julia.’

‘Very well then, look at Harry—Pharaoh that was. Look at him, there isn’t a swell to come near him for looks and manners. And as for money, sometimes it runs like water.’

‘When things come off,’ her brother corrected her, with becoming modesty.

‘Well—they mostly do—whereas you, why, you poor little chap—you’ve got to work. Something in the chemist shop line, I understand, among the bottles and the scales. You’re the first man in the family that ever did work. With all your work, you’ve got no money: you never will have any. No money! Then you can’t stand suppers to the girls after the theatre—and you can’t give them dinners of a Sunday: you can’t take stalls, nor buy bouquets: you can’t wear swell clothes: you can’t show rings and things: and as for races and betting—how can you go to any meetings or learn what goes on when you’re always in the shop? So, you see, we did better to stick in the dossing ken, though Granny did do her best to sell us.’

‘A fair man and a little woman and a stranger from across

the seas are on their way to do harm to Sammy. Let him take care of a fair man and a little woman and a stranger from across the seas. A young man and a young woman and a man from across the seas—two men from across the seas. Let him take care. They will do him a mischief—let him take care.'

'All right, Granny,' said Julia. 'If every young man took care of every young woman, there wouldn't be any mischief at all, and there would be no fun. That is quite certain. Well, Oliver, what was I saying? Oh! Yes—you've got no money. Now if you'd stayed with us you'd have learnt something useful. I began to dance at the races when I was only eight, and Harry he began to sing character songs and to practise with the cards wellnigh as soon as he could walk. You'd have been a tight-rope dancer, or a rider, or a clown, or something that rakes in the money.'

'He's got to find some way of raking in the money,' said Harry. 'That's what I've been telling him.'

'How much is it, Harry? What has he lost?'

'Well, it don't matter much what he owes me. If I'd lost, I should have had to pay, I suppose. But he lost a matter of twenty pound last Sunday, and I must pay if he can't.'

'Well, I'll give him the twenty pound. As for you, Oliver, if you don't know how to play, what a fool you are to try! What can you expect? Why, I suppose you can't even cut the King. How can a man be such a fool as to play when he don't know how? Teach him to play, can't you, Harry?'

The easy morality of his newly recovered relations—it was only three weeks or so since Mr. Harry Stanley walked into the Laboratory and revealed himself as a long-lost brother—was no longer astonishing. Oliver knew very well the circumstances of his origin: that is to say, he remembered the squalid surroundings from which he had been taken: that a brother of his should have risen to any level in which evening dress is worn, was a surprise, which, until he learned more, was pleasing. That his sister was a favourite *danseuse* was another surprise, by no means unpleasant at first. By this time he had learned more about his brother: there were things to be deplored, that was now certain: there were things to be hidden. The discovery of this fact at first amused him: nobody knew that this man was his brother: nobody suspected that his sister was the celebrated Giulia Coroni. It was a new world to which he was introduced: he listened to their talk and watched their habits. Nothing at all resembling these people had he seen in Heidelberg. He was very much amused:

he was so much amused when his brother took him to his club that he was induced to play a little game of cards—and lost.

‘Well,’ repeated his sister, ‘I’ll pay for him, and do you look after him better, Harry. Open another bottle and let me give Oliver some more. He’s had nothing.’ She meant nothing but pure hospitality. Her younger brother had really taken as much champagne as is wholesome to an unaccustomed head. But he suffered his sister to fill him another of those great glasses with which the restaurants and people who seem to take their manners from restaurants do now delude the unwary. He drank it. And presently there fell upon his spirit a new sense of camaraderie and fraternity. He remembered that he belonged to these people: he was really and truly of their blood: he seemed to remember—but this was impossible—the tents and the road. Like them, he did not belong to the world: he was outside it: he was one of the nation which has always lived by the exercise of its wits. His brother, for instance, was a betting man, an adventurer, a card-sharper: one who looked about for gulls and plundered them. Why not? Why not?

This was a singular view to take, but he fell into it quite naturally. Honour has nothing to do with the wandering race of Egypt.

They began to talk about himself and to ask him questions. By this time he had taken another and yet another bumper.

When he awoke in the morning it was with a strange sense of having lost something. He got up, and dressed, troubled with this thought—what had he lost?

Suddenly he remembered he had given away a secret: a thing which he had discovered: and that he had communicated, in the rough, a half-formed idea. It was an idea so certain to commend itself to his brother that he had communicated it with boastfulness. The idea had, in fact, met with his brother’s full approbation. He had even added suggestions of his own which almost transformed the idea into a plan.

‘Oliver,’ he said, laying his hand upon his shoulder, ‘I never expected to find you so wide awake. My dear boy,’ he added, with feeling, ‘the utmost I dreamed of was that you might get something—some day—when we are all hard up—off the old man. I will see you through this job, sonny.’

Oliver had been left, as we know, to find out for himself the true theory of the Conduct of Life and of the relations of man to

man. But he had been among fellow-students of a German University, and he had been among English boys at School. He had therefore acquired, not by the process of reasoning, but by imitation and daily association, certain notions of honour. And when he remembered this talk with his brother, and the thing which he was going to be 'seen through,' he turned pale and his knees trembled. The reign of the Individual may have begun, but the power of old illusions is not yet trampled out: they are sturdy rebels, and the safety of the Individual's Crown sometimes seems by no means assured.

(To be continued.)

*The Sequel to
'A Queen-Anne Pocket-book.'*

THE quaint and interesting adventures of 'A Queen-Anne Pocket-book,' as recorded in the pages of the January number of this magazine, having whetted the curiosity of a namesake—though not a descendant—of its original proprietor to find out something more about him, the following memoranda, coming as they do from authentic sources, will doubtless interest not a few who have shared a like curiosity.

John Payne, then, whose 'yellow and time-stained' pocket-book lay for so many long years in the cellar of the Lombard Street Bank that 'still bears his name,' comes first into notice, so his 'pocket-book' tells us, on January 10, 1695–6. And the following entry in the records of the Haberdashers' Company puts us at once on the right scent: 'John Payne, son of John Payne of Cotesbrooke in the County of Northampton, grazier, bound to John Jenkins, citizen and Haberdasher of London, for the seven years from 20 March, 1695–6.'

Here, then, we see who his father was, and where the rustic home was that he had just left for the less savoury precincts of Fetter Lane.

Next, we note that Cotesbrooke Hall was the residence of Sir James Langham, Bart., whose brother, Sir Stephen Langham, Knt., resided at Quinton, only a few miles distant. And figuring so frequently as this family does among the entries in the young apprentice's 'pocket-book,' something must necessarily be said about them. Their father, Alderman Sir John Langham, Knt., and Sheriff of London in 1642, had certainly an eventful career. He was one of those aldermen sent to the Tower in company with the Lord Mayor in 1647, and again in 1648 for refusing to publish an 'Act for the exhereditation of the Royal Line, the abolishment of monarchy in the kingdom and the setting up of a Commonwealth.' For his sufferings he was at the Restoration

created a baronet, became M.P. for Southwark, and acquired a large fortune as a Turkey merchant. An altar tomb of black marble in Cold Ashby Church records his death on May 13, 1671. Sir Stephen Langham, who married Mary, daughter of Derick Hoste of London, Esq., died September 1, 1709, aged 81, and was buried at Stanstead in Essex; his will, however, is dated from Quinton July 2, 1707. Sir James, the second baronet, so often also mentioned in John Payne's pocket-book, married four wives, yet on his death in August 1699 left no male heir. Lady Dorothy (Pomeroy), his fourth wife, was probably the generous patroness of the youthful haberdasher. Luttrell in his 'Diary' tells us that Sir James, 'eminently known for his being well versed in the Latin tongue, died much lamented *at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields*,' and it was doubtless therefore a red-letter day for John when he was sometimes permitted to run up from *Fetter Lane* to the big house in Lincoln's Inn Fields to hear some of the latest Cotesbrooke gossip and to have a few words of encouragement and advice, with perhaps some help still more substantial from the good baronet himself.

Old John, the grazier, was a boy of eleven years of age when the disastrous battle of Naseby was fought on the very land over which his ploughshare was afterwards destined to run, for, says Murray in his 'Handbook,' 'the *Sulby Hedges*, lined by Okey's dragoons, may still be traced, and are perhaps much the same as in 1645.' The monumental inscriptions in the north aisle of the parish church of Welford in Northamptonshire are certainly, too, more or less indications that at all events by the time of his death the grazier had feathered his nest pretty well, even if he had not inherited a good estate from his father before him. So we subjoin them at once, as they will give us a further insight into the family about which we are curious.

Here lyeth interred the body of Edward Payne, eldest son of John Payne and Elizabeth his wife, who departed this life 30 Dec. 1704, *atatis sue 29.*

Here lyeth the body of John Payne, late of this place, who departed this life 10 Dec. 1706, *atatis sue 72.*

Here lyeth interred the body of Jonathan Woodford, gent., who departed this life 22 Sep. 1719, in the 35th year of his age. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Prov. xxii. 1.

This tells us a good deal, for now we learn (1) who John's mother was; (2) we see that he was only a *second* son, which may perhaps account for his being sent up to London to seek his

fortune in the spring of 1696, and (3) we are able to identify 'Brother Woodford,' whom John records in his 'pocket-book,' and of whom we shall hear more presently.

Now, at Somerset House we find that on January 15, 1705, administration of the estate of a certain *Edward Paine*, late of *Buckworth, co. Huntingdon, bachelor*, was granted to his *father, John*. As to the question of identity there cannot be a doubt; moreover this is greatly explanatory of the Huntingdonshire allusions in John's 'pocket-book,' Buckworth being but seven miles distant from Huntingdon.

And taking the faithful 'pocket-book' still as our guide, we note that little more than a year after his elder brother Edward's death, John is courting Lydia Durrant, for he had been three years out of his apprenticeship, and now his prospects were of course still brighter. Business connection had more than probably thrown John in the way of the young lady, but how comes it that the dainty damsel finds herself forty miles away in Kent?

Hasted, the Kentish historian, tells us that William Woodgate, of Chiddingstone, had by Alice, his wife, daughter of Ric. Streatfield, six sons and one daughter. John, the eldest son, in 1712 bought Somerhill (a favourite resort of the gay retinue of Charles II.); *Henry*, another son, lived at *Goudhurst*, and had by his wife, Lydia Crompe, three sons and three daughters, while Sarah, the only daughter, married William Durrant, of Frantfield, in Sussex. Here then lies the evident explanation of the address of John Payne's love-letter that was found 'in the pocket of the little account-book.' Henry Woodgate died intestate in April, 1721, when his estate was administered by his son, William. But in the spring of 1706, Lydia was evidently on a visit to her uncle, and John—so his letter tells us—was galloping back to Fetter Lane after a wandering—all too brief—among the 'daffidowndillies' on the picturesque hillside of Goudhurst, hand in hand with the girl who had just given him her promise. The young lady had not seen many summers, for, on August 9, 1700, her father, William Durrant, 'citizen and embroiderer of London,' when making his will bequeathed to Lydia 100*l.*, which she was *not* to have until eighteen years old. Probably, therefore, she was then much younger. There can be hardly any doubt as to the identity of William Durrant of 'Frantfield' and William Durrant of London, and it is, moreover, singular that a certain widow lady, Mary Woodgate, of *Hawkhurst*, in *Kent*, in her will, proved in December 1697, mentions her brother, William Lanes, *haberdasher and citizen of London*.

But William Durrant's will is a quaint document which gave some little trouble, and we must look at it again. He desires burial in the vault of St. Vedast's church, Foster Lane, and among the many legatees named the principal are his four children, Lydia, John, Mary, and William, while to his wife, *Anne*, he leaves his '*house and garden at Hackney*' for her widowhood only. Assuming, therefore, the correctness of Hasted, Anne may have been his second wife. We note, in passing, the explanation of another passage in John Payne's love-letter, and of the little commission which Lydia had evidently given him when he writes, '*Y^r letters to Hackney shall be delivered with care and speed.*'

The will continues: 'Mr. John Shower, minister, is to have 5*l.* for preaching my funeral sermon from II Cor. v. 10,' the poor of whose congregation are to have 10*l.*; another 'minister, Timothy Rogers,' has 5*l.*, while 10*l.* go to poor housekeepers in the parish of St. Vedast. Testator concludes: 'I charge and enjoin my children and every of them that they do not dispose of themselves in marriage or otherwise in the world without the advice and consent of my executors.' But under his signature on April 8, 1703, he writes: 'I declare this will to be void, and purpose to make another!' A very rough and unsigned draft of the new will follows, and on June 28, 1709, William Durrant died. On July 2 following, 'John Durrant, senior, John Payne, and John Durrant, junior, of the parish of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, drapers,' deposed to testator's handwriting, and that after a search on June 29, 1709, they found 'the cancelled will and the annexed schedule.'

The will of old John Payne, the grazier, would be proved at Northampton or Peterborough, but there can be little doubt that the will of *Elizabeth Paine* of the parish of *St. Vedast alias Foster, widow*, dated January 18, 1720, and proved November 7, 1721, at Somerset House, is that of the grazier's widow; for she names her son *John* and grandson *John Paine*, daughter *Elizabeth Paine*, and son *Thomas Paine* of *Oundle* in *Northamptonshire* with *Mary* his wife. She adds further, 'I forgive my son *John* all the money he owes me upon his notes, and all the other money I lent him which I have not notes for.' This certainly looks as if *our* *John* were a bit of a screw; for though his 'pocket-book' tells us that he borrowed many small sums on first coming up to London, he ought, at least, to have refunded his mother, especially when he became a rich man. Perhaps, however, he had an easy con-

science and thought that as in the ordinary course of things it would be his one day, he had better decide to keep it in his pocket and, at all events, save legacy duty. Who his mother's parents were does not transpire. She was possibly of Huntingdonshire extraction, judging, at least, from the 'pocket-book,' but evidently some time in the year of her death she came up to London to be nearer to her son John.

Lydia died before her husband, as appears from his will which we have next to examine, showing, as it does, the great prosperity and success to which, after such apparently careful beginnings, he ultimately attained. 'John Payne, citizen and haberdasher of London,' by his will dated August 27, 1746, and proved December 29, 1747, desires burial at *St. Vedast's alias Foster*, near his late wife. To his eldest son John—to whom he had formerly 'given 2,000*l.* to bring into stock and partnership with himself and their partner in trade Mr. Thomas Swayne'—he devises all his 'lands, tenements, and estates at Sulby and Welford in Northamptonshire, as also the lease of the tithes of the last-named parish, besides estates at Sherrington in Buckinghamshire, and at Husbands-Bosworth and North Kilworth in Leicestershire, and his houses in Bow Church Yard.' His second son Edward, who had been *similarly* established in partnership, has 1,000*l.* Bank of England Stock, and 1,000*l.* Stock 'of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies,' as also 'my house in Bow Church Yard, with all furniture and pictures,' with *estates* at Little Preston in Northants, and at Sutton Valence, East Sutton, and Headcorn in Kent. To his daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Benjamin James, to whom, on her marriage, he had given 6,000*l.*, he gives '100*l.*, together with all the furniture, without exception, in his chamber at her house in Roehampton, with the *escretoire* in the said chamber, and what shall be therein,' besides a messuage called 'Overhall' at Isham in Northants. His ten grandchildren have each 1,000*l.*, while there are legacies to his four brothers-in-law, John Richards, John Durrant (whose daughter Mary married Thomas Turner), John Ekins, and Samuel Chambers; to his *sister Mary*, formerly *wife of Mr. Jonathan Woodford*, and now widow of John Knight [see 'pocket-book'], to niece Elizabeth Wafforn, &c., and others, mostly Northamptonshire names. All footmen and maid-servants have 5*l.* each and mourning: the poor of London parishes are not forgotten, and the interest of 100*l.* is left for the education of poor children at Welford. One of the witnesses to the will was *Benjamin Chandler*. Finally, the *Gentleman's*

Magazine for 1747 records the death of our successful merchant as on Christmas Day thus: 'John Payne, an *East India Director*,' while Hasted (*Hist. of Kent*, ii. 414) gives Christmas Eve as the date of his death, and at the *age of 68*.

His eldest son 'John Payne, of the parish of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, London, Esq.,' married Elizabeth, a daughter of 'Mrs. Louisa de Bonville,' and died at Roehampton, August 26, 1764, possessed of great wealth, his will, which is a very long one, bearing date May 5 of that year. One bequest only we can notice here, that namely of '100*l.* for the same end and purpose as the like sum was given by the *will of my honoured father* for teaching poor children in the parish of Welford.' Certainly the address from which he dates his will would seem to favour the conjecture that he 'was personally connected with the bank which still bears his name.'

In the early part of last century there died a certain Thomas Payne, a *goldsmith of Lombard Street*, some account of whom is given in *Records of the English Catholics of 1715*, recently published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. One legatee under his will, dated August 28, 1710, was his niece, Eliz. *Chandler*; and bearing in mind that the will of our good *draper*, John Payne, was witnessed by Benjamin *Chandler*, there was probably some connection between the two. Putting, then, all our facts together, the following amusing sketch would almost seem to illustrate our subject; it is taken verbatim from Price's *Handbook of London Bankers*, p. 123, who himself quotes it from Martin's *Stories of Banks and Bankers*. Mr. Price says: 'The banking firm of Smith, Payne, & Smiths is first found in the London Directory in 1759, when its style was Smith & Payne, carrying on their business near Coleman Street, Lothbury. The same authority shows us that in 1766 they had removed to 18, Lombard Street.'

'The old banking establishment of Smith of Nottingham was merged in the well-known firm of Smith, Payne, & Co. of Lombard Street. Smith the First, the Smith of all other Smiths, was at the beginning of the last century a respectable draper at Nottingham, well patronised by the gudewives of the farmers who bought their quarterly stock of threads and ribbons at his shop, after having sold their pigs. The wives of course brought the husbands, and though the latter wanted no caps and laces, they liked to have a quiet half-hour in the cozy back parlour to discuss the news of the day and the state of the markets with Mr. Smith. A frequent theme of conversation was the danger of the roads.

The neighbourhood of Nottingham, the home of Robin Hood, was (as ever) infested with footpads, and Dick Turpin himself, or one of the Dick Turpins, was believed to honour the country at times with his presence. It was not that the farmers feared for their wives or their pigs, but they feared for their money, dearer to them than their pigs—it would be wrong to say their wives. The bland *draper*, having long listened to these outpourings of woe, at last hit upon a ready solution of the difficulty: "I will take care of your money," Mr. Smith proposed, "and will moreover keep an account of your market transactions, and you may draw your cash or get goods from me whenever you like."

'The offer was accepted, first by one, then by a dozen, then by a score of farmers, and soon Mr. Smith found himself the holder of very considerable sums of money. He was a shrewd man this Nottingham *draper*, and the cash did not remain idle in his hands. . . . Mr. Smith now took the second step in his prosperous career, and a very sensible one it was: he allowed a small interest to his friends the depositors. The pleased farmers, it need not be said, were, after this, perfectly enthusiastic in handing their surplus cash to the Nottingham draper, instead of putting it into an old stocking at home, where, whatever else might happen to it, it certainly would not grow. So things went on in the natural course, until the draper became a regular banker, and, justly thinking his shop a hindrance to his business, gave up the trade in cloth and ribbons in favour of that in money and bills.

'Smith the First died a Nottingham banker, and Smith the Second extended his operations to Hull and Lincoln, while Smith the Third sought and found a *London correspondent* in the person of a shrewd and active man, *Mr. Payne*, with whom he subsequently entered into partnership. Hence the firm of Smith, Payne, & Co. . . . Thus it will be seen that this firm of bankers had been established for some years in the same capacity in Nottingham . . . before . . . appearing in London about 1759 under the style of Smith & Payne.'

But it is time to bid farewell to our haberdasher and his Lydia. If his father, the grazier, had seen troublous times, the lot of the son was cast in days hardly less stirring. John Payne could remember well the events of 1688 and 1715, while it is not too much to suppose that the run upon the Bank of England, occasioned by the advance of the Highlanders in 1745, may have caused him, as a mercantile man, some sleepless nights only a few

months before the time that we find him 'setting his house in order' and making his will. Doubtless he was at the meeting of City merchants whose resolution suppressed the panic, but the inheritance which he left behind him is sufficient proof that his grounds for anxiety, if any he had, were unfounded.

The Wafforn family, we have seen, intermarried with that of John Payne, and some of their resting-places are side by side in Welford church. One other Northamptonshire inscription, from the parish church of Welton, will not inaptly conclude this paper: 'To the memory of John, the son of John Waforne and Damaris, his wife: he was buried near this place Jan. 6, 1715.

Behold thyself by me;
Such a one was I as thou,
And thou in time shalt be
Even dust as I am now.

JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE.

The Fatal Lift.

PART I.

PRINCE PHILARETE¹ remained on high,
 The Masses were below.
 This was the fact : the reason why
 Was what he wished to know.
 For book or playmate, game or skiff,
 He did not seem to care,
 He said he did not want them if
 The Masses were not there.

An ancient Sorcerer they sought,
 A Sorcerer sublime :
 With magic were his accents fraught,
 His locks were grey with time.
 On Philarete he fixed a gaze
 Of patriarchal joy.
 'Master, instruct me how to raise
 The Masses,' said the Boy.

Serenely spake his wizard guest,
 And bowed his hoary head.
 'I fancy that I can suggest
 A Remedy,' he said.
 'A Lift, your Highness !' That was all.
 'A Lift !' cried Philarete,
 Letting his whole regalia fall
 At that Magician's feet.

¹ This name is from Henry Kingsley's *Boy in Grey*.

And yet a faint surprise he knew.
 The Wizard's speech, in sooth,
 Half like an Ancient Man's, had too
 A certain air of youth.
 And half of Henry George it seemed
 To his bewildered ear ;
 And half of Chamberlain he dreamed,
 And half of Bass's Beer.

And Philarete 'gan sore to quake
 Lest he had asked amiss ;
 And very fearfully he spake,
 ' Father, what Lift is this ? '
 A Gladstone bag unlocked the Sage,
 With many models packed.
 He answered : ' Lifts are all the rage,
 Yet only *one* will act.'

The Prince surveyed them with respect,
 ' Nirvana, Entrance Free,'
 There was one labelled. ' Too select,'
 The Wizard said : ' you see,
 The mystery we cannot guess
 Of why it did not please,
 But there returned, to their distress,
 All to the Patentees.'

A tear of pride there dimmed his eyes :
 ' It won't be so with *this*,
 This will expand to any size,
 It's warranted, *it is* !'
 There crossed his mind some memory old ;
 He murmured : ' You will win
 In the present world a hundredfold,
 And the Next World thrown in ! '

PART II.

A mighty gathering there pressed
About the Chasm's brink,
Men felt a common interest
In seeing the Lift sink.
The Wizard's portrait they had hung
On every gallery's wall :
The Priests, their benediction sung,
Strewed incense over all.

Yet as the Chasm the Lift received
Before their very eyes,
Only the Sorcerer believed
That it would ever rise.
He peered into the darkness. Cheers
Were hushed. All waited then,
Reporters, Artists, Bishops, Peers,
And Literary Men.

But when they saw him turn and glare,
Like one in sore distress,
They asked him : 'Are the Masses there ?'
Wildly he answered : 'Yes !'
(He trembled like an aspen leaf,
He's trembled ever since)—
'But—this confounded Lift, in brief,
Sends them up Philistines !'

The Artists sighed : 'Too many, or—
The Poets turned away.
The Bishops cried : 'Excelsior !'
But the Archbishop : 'Stay !'
For learned he was in canon law,
And in the old Greek text,
And he by intuition saw
Just what would happen next.

THE FATAL LIFT.

'Too late!' the Sorcerer replied,
 'They have all got to come!
 Warranted *not* to stop,' he cried,
 'Till the Millennium!
 Unless'—— He groaned and hid his face.
 The horror grew and grew;
 And Philistines filled all the place,
 Repeating all they knew.

Prince Philarete gazed far and wide,
 It gave him little ease.
 'Had we *No* Philistines,' he sighed,
 'That ye must bring us these?'
 Then, ere the Wizard's fatal gift
 Another load conveyed,
 Prince Philarete upon the Lift
 Sank, and the plague was stayed.

It rose, in vacancy complete.
 Sadly they murmured: 'So
 The Masses and Prince Philarete
 Must both remain below.'
 Though if you stand upon your feet
 Upon the Moon, 'tis said,
 The Masses and Prince Philarete
 Also are overhead.

MAY KENDALL.

Little Sister.

JOE DAY was but a poor farm labourer down in the far North, one of the silent heroes that the world takes no reckoning of. Little Sister was the nearest and dearest he had. She was the only relation he took into account at all, though there must have been kindred of a remoter degree belonging to him somewhere on the earth's broad face. But genealogies were beyond this poor ploughman, and he being but a rude peasant, earning weekly wages, none were particularly anxious to claim kinship with him and his poverty. If he had been fortunate enough to be born in the purple, a young man with moneyed properties and landed estates, cousins and uncles and aunts—hosts of them—would have risen up to greet him, and flatter him, and make merry at his table. *They* would have found out the generous heart, *they* would have marked the poetic spirit, *they* would have proclaimed the deep tenderness and broad humanity of their wealthy kinsman. But he was a clod—only a horny-handed son of the soil, with coarse features and illiterate mind. Though his heart was deep, his brain was dull and slow. The growth of his intellect was possibly stunted by hard work and poor living. His most constant instinct was toward work, manual toil. Born amongst labourers, within daily sight of sweating brows, with a dull consciousness within him, even during childhood's careless hours, that the yoke was for him likewise by-and-by. Think of it, you who are cradled and bred in luxury and ease, having to take no thought for your daily bread. Realise, if you can, something of the monotony of your brother's fate. Conceive the narrowness of the mental life of one who, like a beast of the field, toils for a master from year to year, from decade to decade, and falls asleep night after night too bodily weary to be conscious that he has a mind. Joe Day was one of such poor hinds, toiling early and late, and herein so much better than his fellows that he toiled not only for himself. Let those who recognise no romance in such a life, without the pale of an attar-of-rose refinement, cast these pages aside.

With regard to Joe Day's connections in the locality, it must be said there was a venerable pensioner—likewise Day by name—residing in the next parish of Stapleham, a veteran who had been a drummer-boy at Waterloo, who more than once informed young Joe—

'Thy gran'feyther and me we was lads together i' this dale. We leärnt spelderin' and readin' together. Thy gran'feyther and me we used to fight a goodish bit by times. Thee see we was brothers, and it was onny natural.'

This legitimate excuse for fighting on the part of the ancient pensioner did not appear to convey to stolid young Joe's brain the fact that the octogenarian worthy was his great-uncle, for he never made any claims upon the old man in the next parish, who was accounted something of a miser by his cronies at the village pothouse.

Little Sister was the offspring of Joe's father by a second marriage. This marriage had been imprudent and romantic in the extreme for a man of his degree. The child's mother, a vagrant French girl, had been picked up by the wayside in a starving condition by Elijah Day, on his way back from Middleton Market, one snowy evening. He had carried back the poor, half-frozen thing to his home in his employer's wagon, half full of living pigs and calves. The girl made no objection to such companions, perhaps being too far gone to notice these noisy cattle. Young Joe, at that time a lank lad of nine years old, was the only other occupant of the crazy cottage abutting on the farmyard—a malodorous, unsanitary dwelling, yet to its tenant a home of rest in the scant leisure of some forty toilsome years.

In the course of a few days the shrewish, bright-eyed vagrant regained her strength, and cheerfully adapted herself to the comparative comfort of her novel surroundings. In her own mind she was resolved to become a fixture in the habitation where she so unexpectedly found herself a lodger.

In broken English Marie explained herself to be the forsaken wife of an acrobat in a travelling circus troupe. Wife or no wife, she vowed with lively gestures, sighs, and tears, that she would never seek out her former partner, and implored piteously that her rescuer would continue to shelter her. For a time she was suffered to live unmolested in Joe's cottage, but by-and-by the scandalous whispers crept to the Rev. Mr. Potter's ears. He sought out the black sheep and insisted on a prompt marriage ceremony. Elijah Day held silence about the tale of a previous marriage, and Marie only shrugged her shoulders at the parson's

strait-laced morality. However, she yielded to his persuasions, thinking it, indeed, a matter of small moment, except wherein it profited her to receive rectory patronage and good gifts. Elijah had honestly fallen in love after the ways of his betters, and quite out of the way of his fellows, and it mattered not to him that his wife was an adventuress of a low class. The sharp-tongued, nimble-witted French girl ruled him absolutely, though not unkindly, while she lived.

In course of time there arrived a girl baby in the Day household. The mother died about a year afterwards, and the brown-eyed child was left to the care of her father and young Joe, then aged eleven. It was Joe, however, who was chief nurse, inasmuch as he had no regular employment to take him away from the cottage. He only picked up odd shillings now and again, scaring crows or helping at harvest work.

Joe washed and dressed and fed the baby with the most tender solicitude, and staggered miles up the hills beneath her weight when he took her out for fresh air. For Joe knew where the purest breezes blew.

That the motherless child thrrove so well was a continual wonder to the neighbours, certain respectable and experienced matrons being sadly aggrieved that they were not called into consultation. It had been fully expected that the Mamselle's (so the mother had been called) baby would be boarded out on the approved system adopted by widowers generally.

For a time Elijah Day was regarded with disfavour by such worthy ladies. It was surely setting himself against Providence not to leave bairns to womenfolks.

The baby had been for the first hours of her existence an object of adoration to Joe, for, alas! poor lad, he had nothing else on which to expend his love. Little Sister was pretty and intelligent beyond any other low-born brat in Bickerdale. It needed no discerning eye to recognise her singular grace of movement and charm of expression. Even Mrs. Potter, a lady of severest morality, was won by her infantile charms, and forgot to cast one of her ever-ready stones at the unprincipled mother. This worthy dame prescribed from her own homœopathic chest (a sacred ark not commonly resorted to for the parishioners) for the baby's ailments, and took a lively interest in her recovery from measles.

Elijah idolised the brown-eyed little girl who sat upon his knee every supper time, surveying her small world with calm

disdain of all the homage and affection offered to her. Her bread was thickly buttered, the hens laid all their eggs for her in winter time. She had cream to her porridge, and little dainty cakes baked for her. It was her just prerogative of course. Father drank skimmed milk with his porridge, and Joe's staple food was coarse bread and cold bacon, but no childlike instinct ever prompted this little maid to give father or Joe a taste of her delicacies.

The little Marie was nearly ten years old when Elijah fell sick with a bad leg. It is an ailment common enough amongst poor folks, and not always regarded as the precursor of a last foe. But as Elijah remained out of work for long months, receiving club money, and as his leg gave no sign of healing, his heart grew heavy within him. In vain the local doctor prescribed, in vain a far-famed quack at Middleton was resorted to, in vain he rested and prayed (the act of supplication his last resource as the least reliable), for the sore grew gradually worse. In some dim way the sufferer recognised that the end of his poor struggling life was not far off. Perhaps the idea of rest and some vague notion of *nothingness* hereafter (a more common hope or expectation of rustic minds than pious Christians are willing to allow) would not have been unwelcome to this tired labourer under other circumstances. But the fibres of old Elijah's heart had wrapped closely round the child who had come to him in his later years. The thought of leaving Marie at her tender age to the mercies of an unsympathising world—for so his world had ever been—crushed him with fear.

Between the father and son, both cut out after something of the same pattern, there had never been any confidences, any expression of affection. These dalesmen are not a demonstrative race. When a lad grows up and goes out to work for himself, the parental control ceases, and often enough all interest too.

If he remains at the family hearth, he is a lodger, nothing more, one who pays for his bed and board and out of whom profit is made if possible. Old Elijah made no claims on the gratitude of young Joe for having been the means of his introduction to a toilsome life. Neither was he by any means entitled to it.

But Joe was not made of the poor stuff which supplies our world with its rank and file. This clay was of the finest sort. Under his great rough exterior there were delicate roots of tenderness, mighty pulses of humanity, such as would not disgrace the noblest hero ever sung.

In his slow way the young ploughman realised his father's care, and his unlettered mind turned over words of consolation for some days as he tranquilly followed his horses.

'Father, thee seems a bit moidered like aboot summat. Is it Mawrie that troubles thee? Would'st thee like me to look after t' little lass a bit more when thee's gawn?' said Joe one night after the child had gone to bed.

'Ah be na gawing yet,' rejoined Elijah testily. 'Give ma t' sneeze-horn, lad.' Then he snuffed up some pinches of snuff vehemently. His leg had been a degree less painful to-day, and hope flickered on his horizon. After a prolonged pause he continued more placably,

'Thee'll marry thyself soom day, mah lad, and ah reckon thy little sister 'ull be cast adrift then. Two women can never bide at peace in one hoose.' This was a fretful charge made against Joe, not absolutely demanding a response. Joe, however, pondered the matrimonial question for another week, and then, once more, tendered consolation. The parson had been to see the ailing man that day, and had offered prayers by his bedside. The service for the visitation of the sick had apparently depressed Elijah's mind, seeming to intimate the approach of his latter end. He received his son's second offer more gratefully.

'Father, ah've been thinkin' aboot it a goodish bit. Ah'll nivver marry, ah guess. Ah doän't think mooch o' wives in the main. There's good and bad, and ah might have luck to get a bad un. Ah'll bide here along of Little Sister so long she stays. Happen the lass will find a mate soom day.'

This ultimate probability did not appear to trouble little Marie's parent. It was yet a remote possibility, and his eyes were dim towards the future.

'Ay, lad, so be it. Amen ah says to thy words. Dost thee hear? Thee's been mortal kind to t'little Mawrie, and she be a humoursome lass. Ah don't doot thee'll do thy duty by her. Amen ah says.'

So, with no superfluous vows of kindness, with no sentimental promises, Joe took upon himself the responsibility of guardian. Took it, indeed, with only a faint idea of self-sacrifice, with only a vague notion of duty, and with no conception of the many interpretations put upon that troublesome little word.

Not long after the ratification of the compact, old Elijah shook off this mortal coil. His shrunken form disappeared for ever from the chimney-corner which had seen the happiest hours of his life. For a few days only he was missed by the idlers amongst his

neighbours, such as had been in the habit of calling in to chat with him, or commiserate his sufferings. Then the waves of later events rolled on, and Elijah Day was forgotten in the village. But the father's familiar presence in the big armchair, his smock frock and withered face and fretful groans were what Joe Day did not forget so easily. They made a blank to him by their absence. Only the little Marie laughed joyfully over her new mourning clothes, and spoke noisily within sight of the coffin.

'Thee mustna laugh sa mooch, Mawrie,' said Joe gently.
'Father he were rare fond o' thee.'

But the mystery of death could not instil reverence into her.

'The worms 'ull eat him,' she said, smiling serenely; 'he won't never mak' mooch o' me agen.'

When the still form was carried out of the cottage, Marie watched the black procession winding down the dale till it was out of sight, for Joe had refused to allow her to take a place amongst the mourners. As they finally disappeared, the child came back with a merry bound to the fireside, and looked about her for some form of amusement. Father's pipe caught her eye on the high mantel-shelf, beside the brass candlesticks. Climbing on a chair she reached it down, and proceeded to scrape the ashes out of it. She would blow some bubbles now. That would amuse her rarely. And so, having spent half an hour at this pastime, she finally dropped the pipe, which shivered in a thousand fragments on the hearthstone. Food for repentance this, perhaps. Not a bit of it. Marie laughed with the rarest music in her voice.

'Father won't nivver know now,' she said aloud; 'he telled ma ah were nivver to touch of his pipe.'

The next thing to do was to ransack the great family chest, which contained drawers Marie had never looked into. Old Elijah's clothes and treasures had been kept there. The child found the great turnip watch—her grandfather's she had been told—piles of hand-knitted stockings, coarse shirts, and quaintly stitched smocks. The last were truly works of art, and Marie had already planned a new service for them. Drawing out the best of these, she sat down in the big armchair near the table, and with a large pair of scissors began to cut out a new frock for the doll Joe had bought her at the last fair. When the chief mourner came back with bent head and a heavy tread, he found her singing over this work. She lifted her flower-like face and smiled at him as his broad figure darkened the doorway.

'Father's smock it 'ull mak' ma doll foine and smart.'

Joe glanced round in a helpless way. His eye caught the old clay pipe, where it lay in fragments on the hearthstone.

‘Mawrie,’ he said slowly but with extreme gentleness, ‘thee shouldna touch thy dad’s clothes.’

She smiled again with the expression of an angel.

‘What good be they for?’ she said, still snipping; ‘he won’t never be warm no more. He’s stone cold underground.’

Then Joe, stooping down, picked up the broken bits of pipe, and went quietly out of the door again. She was too young to understand, he thought.

Certainly as Little Sister grew older she was a beauty for a painter to delight in, only painters passed not by in the way of this remote northern dale, bleak and barren, and having no scenic glories to attract them. Thus she expanded unseen except by rustic eyes. She was like some exquisite wild flower, most beautiful and perfect, though uncared for by any gardener’s skill. You and I, dear madam, clothe our little ones according to canons of hygiene and good taste, and magnify the athletic or beautiful developments of our offspring with vast pride and self-glorification. Little Sister had no relations or friends to draw attention to her natural grace, or to admire the length of her eyelashes. No one picked out pretty colours at the linendraper’s, or chose becoming headgear for this peasant maid. Yet without such adventitious charms she was a lovely creature. Would only that her little soul had grown to match her perfect body!

To Joe Day the child was all in all—a gem of the purest water—a pearl without a flaw. He was not a poet—consciously. But though Joe could not put words together gracefully, though he spoke with a rough northern burr and used coarse provincial phrases, yet I do declare he had a soul full of sublime poetry. Ay, my friends, more so than many of Fame’s favourites, who achieve honour for some pretty versifying and the dressing up of some other man’s deep thoughts in more becoming language. I have known such thieves not too proud to pick up the unshaped pearls that have fallen from an unlettered brother’s lips, but yet too base to acknowledge the nobler thoughts not theirs.

Joe guarded Marie as the apple of his eye. She was the brightness of his life, the loadstone that drew from him every virtue. She was fed, for one of her class, luxuriously, and to clothe her neatly and satisfy her ever-increasing claims Joe denied himself every little indulgence. To win a smile or caress

he cheerfully sacrificed his tobacco and beer, and when he went to the market town he never forgot the packet of goodies and sweet cakes or the new toy.

When Marie was twelve years old her education had practically ceased, though Mrs. Potter occasionally lent her improving books (works of a highly moral nature much derided secretly by Marie) and accompanied her singing practice every week. The girl was undoubtedly clever, with a bright intelligence. The volatile French charm of her mother's ways was united to a shrewd, farseeing mind, no doubt inherited from the good old dalesman stock. She loved pleasure, it is true, but was capable of foregoing it if there was any ultimate gain in view.

She absolutely ruled the narrow-minded Mrs. Potter without that lady's perception. The parson's wife looked at all her poor neighbours through Marie Day's eyes, and meted out her charities according to Marie Day's dictation.

When Little Sister was about sixteen all the lads in the parish were in love with her. The usual devices of country lovers were employed to win her. But she flouted all such low-born admirers with a coquetry worthy of a Belgravian daughter.

One summer evening at harvest time, Joe, trudging wearily home from his work, took a short cut through a little wood at some distance from his home. Here he saw Marie walking with a young farmer from an adjacent parish. He was well-to-do, a yeoman of a superior class, and it was not likely that his attentions were serious. Joe did not interrupt the interview, but went slowly home by a circuitous path, pondering what he should do. An hour later, when Marie came back to the cottage, cool and self-possessed, with not a filament of her nut-brown hair disarranged, without even a flush upon her cheek, Joe spoke.

‘Wheer hast thee been?’ he said, looking out of the window.

‘Ah’ve been a bit of a walk, thee silly old Joe.’ She flung her arms round the back of his neck and added playfully, ‘Dost thee think ah’m to be tied to thy hearthstone from cockcrow to sun-setting?’

Then Joe turned round and faced her.

‘Ah saw thee coomin’ through t’ wood. Young Harry Ewbank he were along o’ thee. Mawrie, thee’d best tak’ care o’ thysen.’

She sprang away from him quickly and said with flashing eyes, ‘Take care o’ mysen! What dost thee mean?’

‘Ah mean as folks ’ull be talking and giving bad names. Ther’s too many as looves the ground thee treads not to scent out any carrying on o’ this sort.’

She laughed with a quiet scorn.

‘Thee’s maundering, Joe. Thee’d best let me alone; there ain’t nowt in it.’

But with dogged pertinacity Joe went on.

‘Ah promised father ah’d look after thee a bit, and ah’ll not let thee alone wi’ this chap.’

The result was that Joe went to the Uplands farm the next day and addressed himself to Harry Ewbank’s father. He being a straightforward old fellow took Joe’s speech in good part, and, having some knowlege of his son’s previous escapades, packed the young Lothario off to an uncle in Liverpool.

Marie knew very well what had occurred, but smiled none the less sweetly and betrayed no resentment towards Joe. Another two years slipped by uneventfully to the Day household. Marie had in this time grown to be a strikingly beautiful girl. Mrs. Potter made a show of her to any occasional guests at the rectory, and by this means she became more fully conscious of her rare loveliness. Marie would be sent for on the pretext of assisting in domestic work, and as she waited at table or moved about the house the comments and glances having reference to her did not escape her notice. As she grew older Mrs. Potter had observed that the girl had endeavoured to throw off her provincial way of speech. And having an accurate ear and being an admirable mimic she did succeed in acquiring a more cultivated tone.

One winter time a young nephew of the parson came to spend his vacation at the rectory. He was supposed to be reading for an examination, and the remote solitude of Bickerdale was calculated to favour this process. He was a pale, aesthetic creature, with lank hair, a taste for china, and a leaning to art. He so transformed Mrs. Potter’s homely drawing-room with Japanese fans and eastern hangings that the worthy woman hardly recognised the familiar walls. But after he had seen Marie his artistic ardour took a new direction. He unpacked an easel and brought forth many tubes of colours, begging Mrs. Potter to permit the girl to give him some sittings.

‘She’s an inspiration,’ he said, turning his eyes heavenwards. The end of the inspiration was a really passable portrait of Marie. It was enough to set the match to the girl’s vanity. At the end of the vacation young Duckworth went back to his college, and Marie sang as blithely as before. At Easter he came again, and was an invaluable assistant to Mrs. Potter and Marie during the period of church decoration. Then came the climax, the catastrophe of the poor ploughman’s life. It was a sweet spring

day, and the scent of violets and primroses was everywhere. The air was musical with the voices of different birds, as the balmy wind swayed the branches which shielded their nestlings. Joe sat on a hedge side eating his midday meal and marking in his slow way all the familiar living things about him. There were voices far off on the other side of the hedge where there was a path. The voices came slowly nearer. But it was only when they were within a few yards that Joe recognised the speech of Little Sister. A man was walking with her. They stopped a moment in their progress, and the man stooped and kissed Marie. Like a lightning flash the clumsy ploughman was on the other side. Without a moment's thought or care he caught the bold lover by the throat and hurled him to the ground. Marie fled away without a word, but there lay the libertine still and silent. Joe stood over him. Was he dead? It was not so bad as that, but bad enough, God knows.

For days and weeks young Duckworth lay disabled with broken ribs and injured head. Joe, meanwhile, was under arrest. Finally, when the injured man was able to give evidence, Joe was convicted of a brutal and unprovoked assault, and received a six months' sentence. Joe had made no defence, had pleaded no extenuation of his brutal attack, much to the surprise of those who knew him and were desirous of having the mystery cleared up. For this mild-eyed giant had never been coarse or rough, and was sober beyond any precedent in this dale. The blow fell hard on Joe Day. Had he not heard old Elijah boast of an unblemished ancestry of honest men? The sturdy pride with which our remote dalesmen cherish their record of probity seems unaccountable to those familiar with the lower classes of the south and the blackguardism of cities. Death would probably have been more welcome to this poor ploughman than the sentence he received.

But he could make no defence, plead no momentary passion after Little Sister had been to him and implored him on her knees, with long endearments, not to betray her folly. He knew well that her name would be tarnished, her fair fame smirched, if he told an honest tale. She promised, with the tears brimming over in her lovely eyes, that never, oh never, would she meet or see the man again. She vowed that he was nothing to her, that he had only flattered her and taken her by surprise. She sobbed vehement protestations of remorse that such fooling had taken place. And Joe kissed and blessed Little Sister tenderly and held his peace as she knew he would do.

The ploughman came forth from prison at last—to him a long and bitter period. He was a wiser, but scarcely a better man. He had rubbed shoulders with vice and villainy, and his noble self-respect was gone. In his own dale, amongst his own countrymen, he knew that doubting glances would be cast upon him, that he would be distrusted, if not feared.

But there was Marie to live for—Marie to go back to. His whole heart went out to her he had fostered as a little child. To her he had never spoken an unkind word; for her he had made a final sacrifice of his good name.

It was the waning of the year when he came home—a calm day at the end of October. His eye mechanically marked the work that had been recently done in the fields. How sweet the soil was to his long unaccustomed senses! His stolid features were now and again lighted by a wintry smile, but his placid grey eye had more sadness than of yore. He strode homewards at a good pace from the nearest station by the least frequented paths. He had no wish to encounter familiar labourers. He yearned for the sight of Marie only. For eighteen years he had never been a day apart from her till last April. She knew he was coming, of course. She must have reckoned the day of his release from gaol. The little lass—for so he called her still—would thank him for all he had done for her. She would never know, she should never know, what it had been to him.

Joe came in sight of the cottage, and his heart stood still a moment. Surely it had a more dilapidated and desolate appearance than ever before. The little garden was untended, the gate was unlatched, and a pane of one window was broken. Joe breathed hard for a moment before proceeding up the narrow path. All was strangely silent, and the blackbird and its cage were gone. The door was locked, but Joe mechanically stooped and looked beneath the flagstone of the doorstep for the key. For that was where it was agreed between him and Marie to secrete it when either left the cottage for a while untenanted. He found it now, of course, and quickly unlocked the door. Then he faced a desolate room. The grate was full of ashes, the furniture all dusty and neglected. Joe sat down bewildered for a moment by this unexpected blow. The great-grandfather's clock had stopped, and one of the old press drawers stood open with key dangling in the lock. It was the place where all the valuables of the household had been kept. Joe's mother's wedding-ring, Marie's mother's long French earrings, a little sock with money had always been concealed there. They were all gone of course.

And worse than this, the canvas bag which contained Joe's whole fortune had disappeared likewise. For only a few days before the disaster which befell Joe, the old pensioner in the next parish had died and left to Joe the savings he had accumulated, some fifty pounds in gold, with a few odd shillings and pence, a handsome legacy to one of his class.

For a moment Joe staggered back overwhelmed with the treachery of the girl he had loved and tended so fondly. Only for a moment, and then his generous heart cast away all suspicion. Little Sister had of course taken service in the neighbourhood somewhere for a space just till he came out of gaol. The loneliness had been too much for her, and she had taken the treasures with her for safe keeping. He would go at once and ask Mrs. Pickersgill, a friendly neighbour who lived but a little way off. So, once more, he went across the fields and knocked at a cottage door. The labourer's wife came out. She was baking bread and was hot and breathless.

'What art thee gauping at, thee gowk? Can't thee not speak? What dost thee want?' she said sharply, only seeing a tall man's figure in the gloom. Joe spoke in a husky voice:

'It be Joe Day, Mrs. Pickersgill. Ah'm coom home. What's coom o' Mawrie?'

The woman started.

'Lord ha mercy! Is thy time oop? Ah'm fairly mazed to see thee back i' Bickerdale. Thee'll never get wark here, wheer oftentimes honest men goes begging for it, but ah do say thee's been an unchancy lad and ah'm main sorry for thee. Whativver set thee on to such murdering wark, ma lad?'

Joe drew a deep breath.

'Do not thee talk o' that, Mrs. Pickersgill. It can't nivver be undone. Ah wants to know what's coom o' Little Sister. She bean't at home.'

The woman shook her head.

'Do not thee fash thyself about sich a flirtigig. Thee's well quit o' the Mamselle's bairn. Ivverybody i' t' dale but thee knows as her heart ain't bigger nor a midge's ee. 'Pend 'pon it, them as hez sich little hearts 'ull float on any stream. And that there Mawrie hez good guts i' her brain for all her heart it don't be of mooch account. Let her be, sez ah; let her be; she'll find her way oot o' any trouble.'

Joe's voice was husky as he asked:

'Dost thee know wheer she be?'

'Ay sure, ma lad. She did na mak' onny secret o' it. She

went to Lunnon. The cook at t' rectory she had a sister as kep' a registry i' Lunnon, a most respectable female, and Mawrie she went to her to take service i' the sooth. Folks hereabouts wasn't grand enough for sich a bonny lass.' Joe was trembling now, and his teeth chattered audibly.

'Coom in, ma lad, and hev a bite o' summat. A taste o' kitchen physic will set thee oop a bit,' said the kindly-hearted woman, yet having qualms that her husband might return and set his face against a welcome accorded to this liberated gaol bird.

'Na, na, Mrs. Pickersgill; ah'm not i' the mind for eating and drinking. How long sine Mawrie she went off?'

Mrs. Pickersgill debated.

'Wull, it must hev been nigh on Easter time, for the geslin' was on the willow, and ah see Mawrie goo past t' door wi' a great nosegay of 'em in her hand. Her eyes were dancin' quite pleased like, and the sun were shining in her pretty hair. She sez to ma, all smilin', "Mrs. Pickersgill, ah'm gooin' to mak ma fortune i' Lunnon." Then ah fairly choked thinkin' o' thee, poor Joe. Eh dear, ma lad, donnot thee tak' on sa mooch. Life hez a longish stretch for thee yet, and there may be good i' it.'

But the words of consolation fell on the air unheard. Joe had disappeared in the darkness.

The next day this poor labourer went to seek work. It was noticed then by all his former companions that he was strangely altered. He had always been graver and more taciturn than others of his kind, though never surly and rough. Now he avoided all he knew and went about his work in a moody, abstracted way. For he did obtain work at last by reason of urgent endeavour, though not from his old employer. He had now to walk some four miles down the dale to a distant farm, where he was a comparative stranger to the fields. Another had dropped into his place, and the land that he and his father and grandfather had tilled, he would never again take pleasure in in seed-time or harvest. Joe only learnt, what most of us do some day, that our places are easily filled. But it brought a dull kind of pain to his stricken heart. His pleasures in life had been few, and the pride in ploughing familiar acres had been great. As the months went on, Joe was rather avoided by the other labourers in the dale, but it was noticed that he grew visibly thinner. He had a famished look on his gaunt features, and his grey eyes seemed to have sunk in deeper sockets.

For six months he laboured on in the old grooves, and then he suddenly disappeared one Saturday night. Joe had no confidential

friend to whom to confess his intentions. He might have told such a one that he had hoped against hope week after week, month after month, that a letter of explanation might come from Marie. To any sympathetic ear he might have confessed that he well-nigh starved himself to put shillings and pounds together to carry out a project which had slowly framed itself in his mind. But Joe held his peace, and his disappearance was scarcely a nine days' wonder.

A poor countryman in the great city of London. A yokel, in country clothes and heavy boots, wandering day after day aimlessly about the streets upon a strange quest. Those who had time, or who were observant, looked at him and smiled.

He was palpably out of place, a hulking farm labourer, who spoke with a provincial broadness scarcely intelligible. Joe had gone direct to the registry office whereof Mrs. Pickersgill had informed him. Arrived at the street and number indicated, there was no such office. It was removed, of course, and it concerned not the successor, a hairdresser, to learn whither. Then Joe, despairing, took to hunting the streets. Now and again some girl with a faint resemblance to Marie caused him to follow her, only to meet with repeated disappointment. After two months of such work his little hoard, carefully husbanded, came to an end. One night he found himself with only a shilling in his pocket—enough to obtain a bed and little more. To-morrow he would go back north. There was at least a dull comfort in hearing a familiar talk, in seeing well-known places, and it was the only happiness that was ever likely to come to him now, happiness of a negative kind, something that was not actual pain. The hope of ever finding Little Sister had fled from him, and the sight of never-ending streets, the confusion of sound, the life, the colour, was becoming an agony to him. He pined for the great free vault of heaven, for the sweet-smelling fields. The breathless stench of low lodging-houses, the squalid wretchedness of vice and poverty in our great city were to him, country born and bred, something more than revolting. As long as any hope of reaching out arms of forgiveness to Marie remained with him, such things were supportable. But now all hope had fled. He could bear it no longer. His aimless wanderings had brought Joe face to face with a large hoarding, on which were placarded dozens of flaming advertisements. He had seen most of them before, of course. His eyes wandered over them in a listless way. He could read such big print easily.

Rosa Bell. Who was she? That was a new advertisement, surely. He glanced a moment at the print, and then raised his looks to the enormous portrait above. He started. The woman had a look, yes, positively a look of Marie, in spite of the vulgar colouring and magnified features. His heart leaped in a wild way. The bill informed him that Rosa Bell, a new and popular singer, was performing at the Imperial Hall of Music. Joe grew suddenly dizzy. He had fasted most of the day. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the hoarding. A mighty wave of recollection swept over him there in the noisy street, and carried him back to his own hillside. It was the same month—the month of May—ten years ago. He had sat with Little Sister on some rocks in the dusk, and she had been singing short snatches of rhymes she had picked up. She had always had a tuneful voice, and he had loved to hear her fresh notes, like a wood bird's, sweet and pure. He would like to hear some one sing again. Yes, he would go and hear this Rosa Bell sing. Certainly she had a look of Marie.

Joe paid his shilling at the Imperial Hall, a place of amusement of a better class than such as Joe frequent habitually. It was his last shilling, and Joe had said to himself he would walk about the streets till daylight, when he would set off on his long tramp northwards. He would not need a bed to-night, and to-morrow he might sleep under some hedge or sweet-smelling haystack, with the fresh night winds blowing over him. He had grandfather's old turnip watch still, it is true, which he might raise money upon. It was the only thing Marie had left, because she esteemed it of no value. But Joe said to himself he would not part with this relic. Old Elijah had prized it, and left it a legacy to him.

Joe was one of the earliest arrivals at the hall, and the beginning of the performance had little interest for him. A troupe of gymnasts, a ventriloquist, and a clever dancing dog seemed matters of little moment to him. By degrees the great Hall filled, and the fumes of tobacco and spirits made the air heavy. The light laughter of women's voices, the perfume of their clothes were so many irritations. Joe thought of the morrow and the beautiful pure stars looking down on him, and the sweet sounds of nature which would again strike on his ear, and the sickening panorama of what we call life faded away. His eyes had a far-away look, and his great rough hands clutched his stick closely. A noisy buzz of conversation went on. Suddenly

it was broken by a mighty clapping. A moment's silence, and then the clear voice of Rosa Bell broke the stillness. Ask me not what she sang. It mattered not to Joe, it matters not to you or me. It was enough that she was there dancing and singing on such a platform, a young girl, lovely as an angel, with the eyes of a dove and the heart of a serpent. The verse was over. A great storm of applause swept the hall. Joe stood up. He waved his great arms, but he could not speak. Only a few spectators saw him, but his movement caught the glance of the girl on the stage. She paled beneath her rouge, yet she smiled and bowed repeatedly. Joe was pulled back by some one sitting near him. The second verse of the song began, and Rosa Bell's voice seemed a trifle out of tune. At its close Joe rose once more from his seat, and, regardless of time or place, he called out in a loud voice :

‘Mawrie, Mawrie, ah be coom to fetch thee.’

Then he leapt over intervening seats, and made as though to reach the stage. In a moment he was hustled back. But his mighty arms struck out wildly right and left, while he cried aloud :

‘Wull nobody help of me? She be ma Little Sister. Ah be coom to tak her home.’

All in vain—all in vain. Such a popular singer might not be interrupted by a rustic clown who was probably intoxicated. So, by degrees, Joe was pushed to the rear of the hall. Here, to save himself from being finally turned out, he caught at the bracket of a gas-lamp. Missing his hold of the ironwork, he struck the globes, and drew them down in fragments on his own upturned face. A great crash—a loud cry—darkness.

Rosa Bell goes softly and fares well nowadays. She has risen to be a celebrity in the theatrical world. Once she was called Little Sister. Oh, Rosa Bell, empty-hearted wanton, verily life has given thee thy heart's desire!

Blind. A poor clod in a provincial workhouse. That is the end. Homeless, hopeless, friendless. Living out his days in dull despair. The darkness is very great. Oh, Joe Day, poor hero, what has life given to thee? Come quickly death and release him from his pains. For we believe of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

H. MUSGRAVE.

Of Taking in Sail.

I HAVE said, on several occasions (but not nearly so often as I have thought it), that great as are the anniversaries of the Christian Year in many lives, those of the Individual Year are yet more. Not that the two need pull in opposite directions. The very opposite is often the case. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide may be equal in the Christian and the Individual Calendar. Which is well.

But whereas you speak freely about a great day in the Christian Year, telling of its associations and of what it brings back to you, you keep deep silence, as time goes on, on the unforgetable days of the year of your own little life and history. Not a soul beyond your own house knows what day is passing over you: and even those therein do not know what is your mood, what you are thinking of, what you are feeling. If you desired to tell them, words would not suffice for that transcendental work. Words are but coarse material, after all. In a rough way, they can convey Thought. Even that very imperfectly. And Feeling, not at all.

The writer has sent out many pages, which have been read by some not without sympathy. But he has never tried to say what he has most thought of. And he could not have expressed it if he had tried. Here is a quite inevitable Economy. Though times beyond numbering you have spoken to your fellows, and of very serious matters, you have not talked out all your heart. They do not know you; not those who know you best. Strange are the diverse shades of unutterable thought. Stranger the diverse aching and stings of the poor heart's trouble. And there is a pudency. You have felt much, which it was no discredit to have felt, which it would have been shame not to have felt; yet which must not be spoken.

There are places you cannot go to. There are people whom you do not want to see. I have not known any one who in actual

speech made use of Poe's *Nevermore*. It is a hateful thing to me to see *Forever* printed as one word: and even so with the other. I cannot read a book printed in America. The continual recurrence of illiterate mis-spellings irritates beyond patience. When I see *Traveler*, I close the volume. But this by the way. Though *never more*, even rationally printed, would be an affected phrase in human intercourse, I have remarked that *not any more* is of frequent occurrence when people are speaking to you frankly. The phrase is artless. And it is touching; as all phrases are which minimise the emotion they express.

The people one does not want to see are generally disagreeable. Or they bring back painful recollections. They knew you ages ago. These are just the ages which you wish to forget. But the places are too dear.

There is a gate in Ghent:—I passed beside it:
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more.

It is more than sixteen years ago: and time and health can mend deep wounds: so I do not mind now saying that on a January day I went into a beautiful little church of which one had been the incumbent who the next morning was to be carried far to his last earthly rest. I went alone. He had done everything for the church: his thought and hand were in everything, lesser or greater. The beautiful font of alabaster had gone in only the Sunday before he died. And that pretty organ: what a fight he had to get it: how some of the baser of his 'Brethren' abused him, writing to the newspapers that the church was generally called *Smith's Theatre* (Smith was not his name): and how some rancorous old women told congenial lies! I feel just as angry, to-day, recalling such incidents, as I did this time twenty years: I like a good hater. But on that day, all anger was stilled. There was a bright little fire blazing under the organ-loft: everything was quiet and warm in the solemn place which I had many times seen crowded by a silent congregation of educated folk, and where I had very often taken part in the decorous worship. I went about to every corner of the building, taking a last look of old familiar faces, seen continually since I was young: then I came out, and locked the door. I never have been in that church since that day. I never shall be in it again. Not for lack of many kind invitations. But there are some things which some people cannot do.

I have observed, as a singular fact, that trials, lesser and greater, tend to come on these sad anniversaries. The little slap in the face (very viciously meant) which you easily put aside : for the spite of human creatures whom you despise counts for little. But the heavy blow under which you must needs go down, and which is dealt by quite a different Hand. As for that, *Fiat Voluntas Tua!* I know that some of my readers, just those I should like best to know, are in fear as these days approach. Sufficient unto the day the evil of it has not unfrequently proved : and even more than sufficient. I know the look of sorrowful anticipation on the best faces I have ever seen.

Is it because the present writer has come to a day of no earthly account to mankind at large, but a serious day in his own little history, that all this has been said ? Indeed it is even so. He was ordained on this day thirty-seven years. And a good many contemporaries and friends will understand the subject of this day's page. We must think *Of Taking in Sail*.

It will not do, my brothers, to go on as in fact we are most of us going, thinking to ignore advancing time, and to work just as hard as ever. In one's own observation, which is extensive, this is the line taken both by leisurely country parsons (who may succeed herein, for they never were hard-driven) ; and by harassed incumbents of large parishes, who get through their duty (even with much kind help from young and old) only by the utmost stretch of body and soul. We all tend to put aside the unwelcome reminder that heart and strength are not with us as afore-time. One has known touching instances. I knew an individual who after thirty years in the Church published a volume of discourses called *Towards the Sunset*. An unknown friend, far away in America, speaking kindly of the volume's contents, severely condemned its title. Quite unjustly, he attributed to the author some measure of insincerity. But *that* is neither here nor there. Then he went on, with feeling about which there could be no mistake, to declare that he had himself been forty years toiling in that vocation, and yet was stronger and more active than ever. His feet, he declared in scriptural idiom, were 'like hinds' feet : ' by which no doubt he conveyed that he could walk about with extreme alacrity. I should like to know what his juniors thought of all this. For, long ago, I was touched when I beheld one who had reached seventy and had lost the slenderness of youth, walking on a suburban road on a frosty day,

in high spirits, swinging his stick vivaciously and thinking himself very nimble; but not making out more than two miles and a half an hour. We deceive ourselves, sadly. I was twenty then; and was having a *constitutional* at the rate of five miles an hour. I thought just the opposite of what I said. He made much of that buoyant swinging of the stick, and continued to whirl it round, jauntily, while conversing with me. But it did not deceive me at all. He was breathing hard, I noted. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

There are those who begin early to feel that they are growing old. This in all good faith, and quite without affectation. When a friend writes to such, *You must take in sail*, they are not startled at all. It is the echo of what they had already said to themselves. Mr. Pickwick, on the other hand, when reminded that he was old, got angry, and repudiated the allegation and proposed to fight the allegator. But then Mr. Pickwick was a fool; an exceeding fool. Yet wiser people than he postpone the day on which it is admitted to one's self that the long shadows are here. They do not, in fact, feel any older than they did twenty years since. Even the change on face and figure which is very apparent to one returning after five years' absence, has come on so gently and gradually, that the man or woman is unaware of it. And well on past sixty there may be no sense of mental decay; but rather a pleasant conscious mastery of work once difficult. Still, it is certain that the machine must not be driven at sixty with that unsparing rigour with which it was driven at forty. That is, it ought not to be. In fact, it continually is. And then comes a terrible break-down. Wherefore the wise man, desiring to make the best of his powers and his time, will anticipate the warning which may come too late, which may come as a crash that will end all work; and begin, as of sacred duty, to take things more easily, to work at somewhat lower pressure. And the self-same work may be done with nearly as good practical effect, with a vastly-diminished pressure of steam: if it is once realised that the thing must needs be. Make your sermon twenty-five minutes instead of thirty-five, aging preacher. Hold yourself tight in check as you go on in delivering it to the congregation, and do not welcome as once the rising glow of emotion. And though, to the end, the born preacher *will be heard*, must have the audible hush and every eye upon him, all this may be accomplished without speaking nearly so loud as aforetime, and with a large abatement of physical vehemence. If the nervous system tend to grow tense from head to foot as your subject

possesses you, keep that wisely in reserve till the last few minutes of the discourse. Then you may let your nature have its way for just a little. So may you go home from even a hearty and uplifting evening service; and yet be able to enjoy a little food, and after a space of quiet saunter in ever so wintry air, to sleep without the perilous chloral.

You must not mind the unreasonable expectations of unreasonable people. You must not regard it, though the *sough* pervade the air that you are hardly your old self. You are not your old self at all. An old man cannot be a young man. Yet there is gain as well as loss. And kindly wisdom, taught by long experience, is better than tempestuous rhetoric, and breathless 'bursts.' Those who wish for bursts do in fact generally render the word *brusts*: at least North of the Tweed. 'I don't hesitate to say,' was the observation of a critic after hearing the most popular of Scotch pulpit orators, 'that some o' thae brusts are equal, if they're not superior, to ony o' the brusts o' Chalmers.' Do not risk a stroke of paralysis, even for the reward of such inestimable praise. The shock of disabling illness would get at you to the quick. As for the mass of more or less ignorant *obiter dicta* which make up what is called popularity, you will never know of one in a thousand of them. And they would do you no good if you did. You would not be one whit the happier though you heard them all. And with the praise, there comes the per-cent-age of censure: of very keen censure. For everything that is warmly liked by some, will be bitterly disliked by others. You will know in yourself, too, that it is the cleverer who dislike you. And dislike is likelier some day to do you harm, than kindly appreciation to do you good.

It is a very marked milestone when you begin to go to bed very early, being made aware that your strength is done for that day. Here is a great change. And things about which you were once very anxious, have ceased to touch you. You have given up a great deal: you have let go your hold of very many things. You conclude that you used to worry yourself (and others) unduly: aiming at a pervading tidiness and perfection of order about the house which is not given to man. You have found that human beings, from early youth, will go their own ways; and that you may as well give up the effort to make them in every detail go yours. You have not heart for continual pressing up hill; not to say continual contention. An aging Prime Minister once said in my hearing, *You can't fight your own Cabinet every Saturday.*

You grow very quiet: and though it is in you to talk in company as of old, you will not exert yourself even to the degree of raising your voice. You let a blatant blockhead go on making erroneous statements of fact; and you do not intervene. Just yesterday, in a railway carriage, I heard it stated with confidence that a man born of Scotch folk, two miles from this little Scotch city, was 'an Englishman.' That is a small thing. But I have heard it explained, in like surroundings, that there is no such thing as Scotch Law distinguished from English; and that the Church of England is the Church of Scotland. Likewise that in all Scotch dwellings, the blinds are drawn down on Sundays. I have heard one say that he was Senior Wrangler who was not a Wrangler at all; and another declare that he had been educated at 'Oxford College.' Here I could not refrain from asking at which college. The reply was, 'There is only one.' The speaker was a preacher of a little sect. For that matter, I have heard a human being preach a sermon every sentence of which I could repeat; and told nobody. You cannot bear noise. This without the least pretence. I once said, twenty-five years since, to a dying clergyman whom I saw continually, that an old friend of his was abiding near, and that I should bring him with me next time. He answered, eagerly, 'Pray, pray do not. I could not bear it. He speaks so loud.' I could not understand this then; I do now. You cannot bear being hurried in your work: still less, trying to do two things at once. This last appears to produce a distinct physical effect upon the brain. You feel a jarring. You must be indulged in having your own little ways. You grow impatient of stupid jesting about these. If you be like some I know, you will seek for three-quarters of an hour's sleep daily before dinner. There is not a more reviving thing. After that, and a great wash, and getting into fresh raiment, you make a quite new start, and even after a very fatiguing day you can enjoy the evening. Above all, let the rule be as were the Persian laws, *No work after the last meal of the day.* This is vital. No writing late at night: not even a few letters. The time for writing, when sail has to be taken in, is from ten till one daily. The day is past for double tides. And three hours are sufficient. It is not by great efforts, now and then, that a fair amount of work is turned off with the pen. It is by keeping regularly at it: no day without its line. Lord Macaulay's two pages a day of his 'History' seem little: seem slow progress. But, taking three hundred working days in the year, here are six hundred pages. And if work is to last a

thousand years (as Macaulay expected his 'History' would last) it must needs be done deliberately.

It is a warning of something amiss, my brother, when you come to preach your sermon under a painful sense of exhaustion: looking forward continually for sentences which you may leave out. Some of us have sometimes to do this. But I fear it means you are working when you are not fit for work; and that you ought to rest for a while. I can indeed tell you how you may get rid of the sense of sinking for the time. *Preach extempore.* Sketch out: and trust to the moment for the words. I am assuming that you are able to do this. And unless you are quite run down, and past present work, you will not be conscious of weariness at the moment. You will be lifted above all that, and speak with tremendous fluency and feverish emotion: the latter will be contagious where it is not repellent. To one here and there it will be repellent. But very hearty extemporaneous speaking takes terribly out of the ordinary speaker. You will be awfully tired after it: like an electric eel which has given out its shock. The people go away home much impressed, thinking how fervently you got on, and how heartily you seemed to enjoy your work, being absolutely at home in it. So you did, wonderfully: but the reckoning came. While they are quietly enjoying the last hour of the day, you are in a fever of nervous weariness and restlessness. Not only that: but you will take gloomy and twisted views of all things here and hereafter. Be cautious, my brother, when you know this experience. For something may come, any day, which will end all that public work of yours. And then you will forthwith be forgotten, even where you were most valued. Shall I forget how a good old man showed me, on too many occasions, a beautiful volume, bearing the inscription that it came *with the eternal gratitude* of somebody: a very big somebody indeed. But so far was the gratitude from proving *eternal*, that it did not last out the good old man's own little life. He 'went off': he broke down. And somebody had vanished, utterly: somebody who, without an effort, could have cheered the last feebly-fretful days.

It need not be said that this caution is addressed to ordinary mortal men. I do not much expect that any extraordinary man will read it. But there are such, to whom ordinary rules do not apply at all: one here and there who, on the verge of four score, can speak lengthily and with tempestuous vehemence to an excited crowd numbered by thousands: this for several successive days;

yet be none the worse for it. *De minimis non curat lex.* Neither do the commonplace laws of health concern the greatest. They were absolutely exceptional, in body and soul, to begin: and their training and experience have been absolutely exceptional. Possibly it is better so. In any case, you need not think to reason from them to plain decent folk. The nature of the animal is vitally different. And the faithful worker, toiling in lowly ways, parson or doctor or the like, and tending to fail early, looks up to such sublime heads with amazement. There is not heart even to wish for such supreme gifts, which time hardly touches. *Non equidem invideo: miror magis.* Standing beside an express locomotive which can do its eighty miles an hour, you do not propose to race with it. And as for Poe's statement that not without a bitter and rebellious sense of degradation could he admit his inferiority to any being in the universe (he included One whom I do not choose to name): in these latter days one reads it, and quietly says *Bedlam!* We were ambitious enough as youths at the university: a second place, in anything, would have been a sore trial to some men there. But that nonsense was crushed out of us, long ago. And though in the judgment of any we care for, the university standing has been confirmed and enforced by the whole of after-life; it has happened to the very ablest and best to be set (for a moment) side by side with several to whom they were content to look up as to the summit of Mont Blanc from (let us say) the Grands Mulets. As for the old college ruck, some have seen the little prizes and decorations reached by certain whom they never would have reckoned as serious competitors. But then, they were quite unscrupulous Pushers; and the Pusher, unless persecuted by special ill-luck, will get the reward of pushing; which indeed a worthier soul would not have taken at such price. And a man who could not have taken any degree, and who possibly never could attain to spell, may yet be a leary being who would leave no stone unturned, and who played his cards with incredible address and with a single eye.

But wherefore expatriate? Why write one's self into a fever (the thing may be done), setting forth the duty of taking things coolly? The course is plain. Rest as much as you can with a good conscience. And take your work as easily as may be. Do not be badgered into undertaking exciting duty, even by the most importunate appeals, or the most complimentary. Many people are extremely selfish: and if they can squeeze the effort out of you, they do not care whether you are fit for it or not.

It was a great Anglican Prelate who said to the writer, *You must take in sail*. It was a humble country parson (gone before) who said to him, *You must ca' canny*. Both meant the self-same thing. And it is easily understood. But some find it hard to do.

It was Sir Arthur Helps who said that when the days come wherein the thing must be tried, it is desirable that some little bit of honour or good fortune should come to the aging man about once in three years. So shall he keep a cheerful heart on the path downhill.

Doubtless it is most desirable. A wise man said to me that such things are prized even more (he thought) in failing life than in hopeful youth. But then they do not come. Or they come to few.

A. K. H. B.

The Haunted Melon Garden.

FROM THE CHINESE.

THE translator of the following story is free to confess a strong partiality for Chinese ghosts. They are pre-eminently sensible and have attained a far higher level of thought and culture than their Anglo-Saxon congeners. To hear how the ghosts of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Carlyle can maunder and twaddleise at English and American séances, adds a new terror to the humiliation of death. Chinese ghosts always maintain the reputation of the race from which they sprang for strict mental sobriety, and make themselves the vehicles of excellent moral precepts. A ghost should always justify its intrusion into human affairs by sound speech that cannot be condemned.

‘At the time of this incident Chan A Sz, a native of the Tsong prefecture, was in his twenty-second year. He was a market gardener by trade and a bachelor through the stress of poverty. One night he went out to keep watch in his melon garden. It was the third or fourth day of the fifth month, and there was a faint shimmer of light from the crescent moon. The light brought into view four or five shadowy forms that were strolling under the trees by the hillside. As they talked together in subdued tones, A Sz thought within himself, “The look of these men is scarcely that of melon-stealers.” Clutching a hedge stake in his hand, he crept in amongst the thick foliage to conceal himself as he watched their movements.

‘All at once he heard one man say, “Let us go together into the melon garden and have a whiff of the melon flowers and watch the little melons as they are rounding into form. What say the rest to the proposal?”

A companion replied, ‘We must not go upon any consideration. Mischief will come of it. If we meet Chan A Sz and he

should be frightened to death, the adventure will be disastrous to all concerned."

"The rest laughed and said, "Have you not already died and become a ghost?" Do you suppose you might have to die over again? As far as our experience goes it is men who stand in dread of ghosts. Who ever heard of ghosts being afraid of men? A chicken-hearted kind of creature you are."

"The ghost who had remonstrated against the reckless saunter replied, "If your courage is so great that you have no fear whatever of men, how is it that you never venture upon apparitions under the broad light of noonday?"

"Quoth the other, "It is petty and childish in you to contradict after this fashion. Although I may fear men in general, I have no fear about this particular man Chan A Sz."

"In reply to the other ghosts, who pressed him for the reason of his courage in this individual case, he said, "A day or two ago I went into the court in which the Guardian Spirit of the Ground presides, and happened to cast my eye upon a despatch from the King of Hades, giving a list of those whose souls were shortly to be required of them. Chan A Sz's name was in the list, and he will have to die within a couple of days. Before long he will be walking a companion with us in the Tartarean shades. What have I to fear, then, if this is already decreed?"

"A ghost interposed, "You only just begin to understand the speech and rudiments of ghost life. You know your *A*, but you do not know your *B* and your *C*. The man will not die yet awhile."

"The other ghost chuckled and said, "How is it that you seem to be so far ahead of us in your information? You will perhaps explain yourself."

"The ghost claiming superior knowledge answered, "Well, I will tell you. As late as yesterday I also went into the court of the Guardian Spirit of the Ground, to see the judge. A despatch had just arrived from the Protecting Spirit of the city, saying that Chan A Sz's mother had recently performed a work of very high merit, and in recompense of that work it had been decreed that twelve years should be added to his life."

"One of the ghosts asked, "What was the nature of this particular act?"

"The speaker replied, "Within a few doors of Chan A Sz's house there lives a rich old lady who recently missed two strings of cash, and suspected her slave girl of having stolen them. Day after

day she beat the girl, promising that if she would only confess to the offence there should be nothing more said or done in the matter. If, however, she refused to confess, the mistress avowed she would not cease beating her till she had beaten her to death. The father of the slave girl heard of the affair, and was very angry with his daughter. He declared that if it should be proved she were the culprit she should be thrown into the river and forfeit her place amongst the living. The poor slave girl sobbed with little intermission day and night, and every way of escape seemed closed against her. Because of this incident Chan A Sz's mother was overwhelmed with grief. There seemed to be no evidence to either convict or exculpate the girl, and it was all but certain that she would have to die. In pure pity the mother of this market gardener pawned her clothes and trinkets for about two thousand cash. She took the cash to the rich old lady and said, 'Several days ago I called here and found no one at home. I happened to see a hundred or more strings of cash heaped up on the floor. All at once the passion of covetousness sprang up within me, and I helped myself to two strings, thinking that out of so many you would scarcely miss them. The loss arrested your attention, and your suspicions fell on this slave girl. I could not be at peace, as you were beating her so terribly. It is probably because I neglected the improvement and cultivation of my character in some previous state of existence that I am condemned to poverty in the present life. To the score of wrong-doing already recorded against me shall I add this sin, which may need to be avenged in yet another life? I now restore the full tale of cash, and hope you will be magnanimous and forgive my misdemeanour.' The rich lady answered, 'Of course I did not know that it was you who had taken the cash under these particular circumstances. If you had been in straits there was nothing to prevent you from coming to me for a small loan. Since you have returned the cash and all is now cleared up, I shall cherish no ill-will. You need not brood over the matter for a moment.'

"When the two had parted, the God of the Furnace (who fills the office of recording angel) reported the meritorious act in Heaven, and Yuk Wong reported it to the Protecting Spirit of the city. The Protecting Spirit of the city found, upon turning to his records, that for the neglect of moral culture in a former life Chan A Sz's mother was to have an only son, who would maintain her till she was old, and then die, leaving her desolate and solitary for the rest of her days. Bitter and intolerable

destiny, it was decreed that Chan A Sz was to die in his twenty-fourth year, on the sixth day of the fifth month. But since the accomplishment of this meritorious act it had been determined that the life of the son should be lengthened out twelve years, so that he might be able to minister to his mother to the end of her days. You, brother ghost, did not know the affair from beginning to end. No wonder your spirits rose so high when you were anticipating the pleasure of Chan A Sz's company in the shades of Hades within a night or two."

'The other ghost laughed and said, "Ah, who could have thought that the omens of destiny would change so entirely within a few short days? It is quite within the bounds of rational belief that Yama's edicts may be supplemented and revised, and that nothing of what has been written down in the Book of Fate is entirely unalterable."

'When Chan A Sz overheard these words, he unconsciously heaved a deep sigh, and the troop of ghosts suddenly vanished. Fear on the one hand and joy on the other took possession of the young man's mind. All night long he revolved the incident, and came to the conclusion that good works could lengthen out a life to which no medicines could add a single span. A Sz had been filled with indignation when he first saw his mother take the two strings of cash and give them to another, but upon hearing this conversation amongst the ghosts he came to see that the act was to save a fellow-creature, and all his indignation melted away. He also reflected within himself, if he had been originally predestined to a very short life, and a virtuous act done by his mother could avail to lengthen out his life for an additional term, what plan could be adopted that would serve him at the end of the twelve years. "My wisest course," he thought, "is to do some good act every day, and at the end of twelve years the sum of merit will be not inconsiderable. The great God may again add something to my life, and if I go on in right paths my virtues will grow with my growing years, and I shall come to a ripe old age and have many sons and daughters. My family is poor and almsgiving is impossible. I call to mind that no virtue is equal to that of filial piety. The supreme merit is attained by an obedient son." It thus became his joy to minister to his mother in her declining life. She attained the age of eighty before she passed away. After this the market gardener married and had sons. To the very end he was zealous in all good works, and died after a tranquil and unclouded old age.'

T. G. SELBY.

Lady Car: The Sequel of a Life.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

FTER a great deal of travelling in the most beautiful scenery in the world, and after the excitement of settling down, of furnishing, of arranging, of putting all your future life in order, there is apt to follow a certain blank, a somewhat disconcerting consciousness that all expectation is now over, when you are left alone with everything completed to live that life to which you have been for so long looking forward. Lady Car was very conscious of this in her sensitive and delicate soul, although there was for a long time a sustaining force of expectation of another kind in her that kept her up. All the people in the neighbourhood, it is needless to say, made haste to call upon Lady Caroline Beaufort: and she found them a little flat, as country society is apt to be. She went out with her husband a number of times to dinner parties, specially convoked in her honour, and did not find them enlivening. She was one of those women who never get rid of the ideal and always retain a vague hope in coming to a new place, in beginning anything new, that the perfect is at last to be revealed to her—the good society, the spirits *d'élite*, whom she has always longed for but never yet encountered. She did not encounter them here any more than in other places, and a sense of dull certainty settled down upon her after a while, which was depressing. Such impressions are modified when the idealist finds out that, however much his or her surroundings may lack the superlative, there is always a certain *fond* of goodness and of the agreeable and sympathetic in the dullest circle when you come to know it. Surrey, however, no more than any other place, discloses these homely, compensating qualities all at once, and the period of disenchantment came. Everything settled down, even the landscape became less wide, less attractive, the woods less

green, the cottage roofs less picturesque. The real encroached upon the glamour of the imagination at every corner, and Carry felt herself settle down. It is a process which every dreamer has to go through.

But it was a long time before her mind would consent to the other settling down, which took place slowly but surely as the days and the years went on. Beaufort was in reality a little stirred up at first by the revival of so many old plans and thoughts, though it was in her mind, not in his, that they revived. He was constrained by a hundred subtle influences to resume at least the attitude of a student. Her verses, which were so pretty, the gentle feminine music of a true, though small singer, were such a reproach to him as words cannot describe. She had picked up her thread, so slight, so fragile as it was, and resumed her little melodious strain with enthusiasm not less, but greater, than when she had dropped it in the despair of parting with her hero. The little poem brought back to him faint undefinable echoes of that past which seemed to be a thousand years off. What was it that he had intended to do which she remembered so well, which to him was like a forgotten dream? He could not pick up his thread; he had smiled at himself by turns during the progress of the intervening centuries over the futility of his forgotten ambition. 'I, too, used to mean great things,' he had said with a laugh and a sigh to the younger men: the sigh had been fictitious, the laugh more genuine. What a fool any man was to think that he could accomplish any revolution! What a silly business to think that with your feeble hand you could upset the economy of ages! The conceit, too! but he had been very young, he had said to himself, and youth is an excuse for everything. That any faithful memory should preserve the image of him as he was in those old days of delusion, ambition, and self-opinion, had seemed incredible to him. He was half affronted, as well as astonished, that Carry should have retained that visionary delusion in her mind: but still her expectation was a curious stimulus. And the first steps into which he was forced by it deluded her as well as himself. He began to arrange his books, to search, as he persuaded himself, for old notes, a search which occupied a great deal of time and involved many discoveries, amusing to him, delightful to her. For weeks together this investigation, through all manner of old notebooks, occupied them both and kept Carry very happy. She was full of excitement as to what each new collection would bring forth. He had a great many notebooks, dating not only from his college days but even from his school time, and there was hardly one of them out

of which some little fossil of the past, some scrap of verse or translation, did not come. Carry, delighted, listened to them all as to so many revelations. She traced him back to his boyhood, and found a pleasure beyond description in that record of all his intellectual vagaries, and the hopes and ambitions they expressed. Perhaps had she read them calmly with her own eyes, although those eyes were full of glamour, faint lights of criticism might have arisen and revealed the imperfections. But he read them to her in his mellow voice, with little explanations, reminiscences not disagreeable to himself, and which suggested other and more lengthened recollections, all of which were delightful to his admiring wife. It was not till Christmas, when she suddenly woke up to the passage of time by the startling reminder of little Tom's return from school for the holidays, that she remembered how much time had passed. To be brought suddenly to a pause in the midst of one's enthusiasm is always disagreeable, and the thought had been uneasy in Carry's mind for several days before she put it timidly into words.

'It has all been delightful,' she said. 'To trace you back through all your schoolboy time and at college is so nice that I know I have been persuading you to make the most of it for my sake. But, Edward, you must not humour me any more. I feel that it is wasting your time.'

'No,' he said, 'when one has to pick up one's thread it is best to do it thoroughly. This will all be of service, every word of it.'

'I see, you mean to begin with a retrospect,' she cried, brightening again.

'Not so much as a retrospect,' he said with a twinge of conscience, 'but one's early ideas, though they are often absurd, are very suggestive.'

'Oh, not absurd,' she cried. It wounded her to hear such a word applied to anything of his.

But little Tom had come home for his holidays, which showed that it was four or five months since the settling down. They had taken possession of Easton in the end of August. Tom came home very manly and grown up after his first 'half' at school. He was close upon eleven, and he had a very high opinion of his own position and prospects. His school was a large preparatory one, where things were done as much as possible on the model of Eton, which was the goal of all the little boy's ambitions. It was a little disappointing after the first genuine moment of pleasure in coming home, and the ecstatic sense of being a very great man

to Janet, to find that after all Janet was only a little girl and did not understand the half of what he told her. He felt the want of male society very much upon the second day, and to think that there would not be a fellow to speak to for a whole month damped the delightful prospect of being his own master for that time, which had smiled so much upon him. Janet, it is scarcely necessary to say, gave a boundless faith to her brother, and listened to the tale of his achievements, and of what the fellows did, with an interest unalloyed by criticism. Her mouth and her eyes were full of a round O! of wonder and admiration. She never tired of hearing of the feats and the scrapes and the heroic incidents of school. To dazzle her so completely was something; but a mind accustomed to the company of the nobler sex soon tired of the tameness of feminine society, and with the candour of his age Tom very soon made it apparent that he was bored.

‘There’s a lot of houses about,’ he said. ‘Aren’t there any fellows down there, or there’—he pointed to distant roofs and groups of chimneys appearing at intervals from among the leafless trees—‘that one could speak to? It’s awfully dull here after knowing so many at school.’

‘There are some children at that white house with the blue roof,’ said Janet, ‘but they’re not good enough, nurse says; and I don’t know nobody to play wiz,’ the little girl added rather wistfully—she made all her ‘th’s’ into ‘z’s’ still—‘I only take walks.’

‘Children!’ said Tom contemptuously. ‘I wasn’t asking about children. I meant fellows at school. If they’re at a good school they’re good enough. I’ll soon find out. When a fellow has been out in the world, and goes to school, you don’t suppose he minds what nurse says.’

‘Oh, but nurse says a great, great many zings,’ said Janet. ‘She says Easton’s a little poky house, and that we should be in our own family place. What’s a family place? Do you know? It is something fazer is buried in,’ the little girl added after a moment, with a little thrill of solemnity. Tom burst into a laugh in the pleasure of his superior knowledge.

‘You are a little ass, Jen! Of course I know. My family place is a grand one, with a big tower, and a flag on it when I’m at home—like the Queen at Windsor! The worst is I’m never at home: but I shall be when I’m big, and then shan’t we have times! I’ve told a lot of fellows. I’ll have them up to my place in Scotland for the shooting, don’t you know?’

Janet only gave him a look out of her large light eyes. 'Girls don't shoot,' she said. 'I don't want to be at your shooting. Tom, do you remember Fazer? He's buried there.'

'Oh, humbug! he's buried in the churchyard, where all the dead people are buried. Of course I remember him. What's that got to do with it? I remember having a ride on his big black mare, such a big tall beast, and nobody could ride her except me and—him you know. He was behind when I rode her, and she carried us both as easy as a lamb. Old Duncan told me so—as easy as a lamb—because she knew who was her master!' the boy cried, with the colour mounting up into his cheeks. He began to switch the chairs with a little cane he had in his hand, and bade them to 'get on' and 'gee up,' to Janet's considerable disturbance, for she had already learned that a boy's boots were apt to be muddy, and that chairs covered with brocade, and carved and gilded, were not meant to be ridden or to gee-up.

'Don't, Tom,' she said; 'they're Mozer's pretty chairs.'

'Oh bother!' cried the boy, 'where's mother? I want to tell her lots of things, but I won't if she's so particular about her chairs and stays so long away.'

'She's in the library with Beau,' said Janet; 'they are always in the library. It is so pretty. Mozer likes it better than the drawing-room. But they will soon come in for tea.'

'I say,' cried Tom, 'do you have tea here always, not in the nursery? Oh, I say! I am not going to stand that. I know what they do at afternoon tea. You have a small piece of bread and butter, or perhaps an atom of cake, and you mustn't make any crumbs or enjoy yourself at all. You should see our teas at school. There's sometimes three kinds of jam, and in summer the fellows have strawberries as many as ever they like, and this half Summerfield major was allowed cold partridge.'

'For tea!' cried Janet with ever so many notes of admiration.

'Oh, his people send him such whopping hampers,' said Tom; 'he could never get through it all if he didn't have it for tea.'

'Nasty meat!' said little Janet with a grimace; 'but the jam is very nice,' she added with a sigh. 'There's no nursery when you're gone. Mozer gives us very nice tea and plenty of cake; but she thinks I am better downstairs, not always with nurse.'

'And do you think so? You were always a little——'

'It's nice when Mozer talks to me and not to Beau,' said Janet with reluctance. The grievance of the many times when

the reverse was the case was implied, not put into words. 'But when there is you and me it will be very nice,' cried the little girl. 'There is a plain little table in the corner not carved or anything. It has a cover on, but that comes off, and I am allowed to have it to paint pictures upon and play at anything you like. We'll have it between us in the corner as if it was a little party,' cried little Janet, 'and they will never mind us, as long as we don't make much noise.'

'But I want to make a noise. I want to have a real square meal. It isn't good for a fellow, when he's growing, to be kept short of his grub. I want—'

'Oh, Tom, what a horrible, horrible word!'

'Much you know!' cried the boy. 'Fellows' sisters all like it—to learn the same words as we say. But if you think I'm coming back from Hall's, where they have all Eton rules, to sit as quiet as a mouse in the drawing-room, and have afternoon tea like an old fogey, I shan't, and there's an end of it,' cried Tom.

Lady Car came in as he gave forth this determination in a loud voice. She came in very softly, as was her wont, with the soft trail of her satin gown on the soft mossy carpet, on which her light steps made no sound. In her eyes was still the dreamy smile of her pleasure in all the details and chronicles of a schoolboy life, so elevated and ethereal, its dreams and its visions and its high purposes. She was imagining to herself a poem in which it might all be set forth in chapters or cantos. 'The dawning genius' would be the title of the first. She saw before her the spiritual being, all thought and enthusiasm, making a hundred chimeras divine—the boy-poet, the heir of all the ages, the fine flower of human promise. Half the adoring wife and half the woman of genius, she came in softly, with delicate chimes of verses already sounding in her mind, and the scheme of the poem rising before her. Not like the Prelude: oh no; but the development, the dawn (a far more lovely word), the dawning of genius, of which in its time it might be her delightful mission to record the completion too.

She was roused from this vision by the noisy boyish voice. 'I shan't, and there's an end of it,' cried Tom, and she raised her dreamy eyes, startled to see the boy standing red in the face and defiant, his legs apart, his sturdy little square figure relieved against the window. How different from the ideal boy of whom she had been dreaming! the real boy, her son.

They both looked at her with an alarmed aspect, not knowing

what would happen. Poor Carry was the gentlest of mothers. She never punished them, never scolded, but yet no one could tell why, they had always the air of being afraid of her. They looked at her now as children might have looked who were accustomed to be sent into solitary confinement, shut up in a dark closet, or some other torture. Tom's voice fell in a moment, and Janet came out in defence like the little woman in a weatherhouse, when the little man skulks indoors disconcerted by the good weather. Janet came forward with a little hand raised. 'Mozer, it was not naughtiness. It was because he has been out in the world and knows things different from me.'

'Yes?' said Lady Car, smiling upon them, 'and what are the things this man of the world knows? To be sure, dear, he must be greatly in advance of you and me.'

The children were all the more abashed by this speech, though its tone was so gentle. They stared at her for a moment with their father's face, dark and stolid, the likeness intensified in Tom by the sullen alarm of his look. She put out her hand to him, to draw him close to her. 'What is it,' she said, 'my little boy?' She was, to tell the truth, rather afraid of him too.

'It's nothing,' Tom replied. 'It's something she's said.'

'Oh, Tom,' cried Janet with a sense of injury. 'Mozer, he says, they have such nice teas at school—strawberries, and sometimes cold partridge, and whopping hampers.'

'My dear!'

'That's how the fellows talk,' said Tom. 'That's not the right thing for a girl.'

'Was the cold partridge in the whopping hamper?' said a voice behind. 'Carry, I don't wonder the boy's indignant. You have sent him no hampers. A first half at school and not so much as a big cake. I feel for Tom. Never mind, old fellow; you see she never was at school.'

They had both turned round their anxious faces to him as he came in. They were instinctively jealous of him. Yet both turned with a certain relief, or at least Tom did so, who was aware that Beau was one of his own faction, a man, against the sway of the everlasting feminine. Janet took the hand which the mother had stretched out towards her boy and clung to it, drawing herself close into Lady Car's skirts. Beau was not of her faction in any sense of the word. The little girl pulled her mother's face towards her, and whispered her tale into Carry's ear.

'To have your tea upstairs! Why doesn't he want to be with

us, dear, after being away so long? You shall have what you like best, my dear children. If you really prefer the nursery to the drawing-room, and my company.'

'He says they have three kinds of jam,' said Janet in her mother's ear, 'and do whatever they like,' she added after a pause.

Lady Car gave her husband a look which the children noted though they did not understand. There was a slight appeal in it, and some relief. He had said that she must keep them with her, as much as if he had not been there: that he would not separate her not for an hour, not for a meal from her children: and she had thought it her duty to have them there, though their presence and his together kept Carry in a harassed consciousness of the two claims upon her. They concluded that mother was not angry with great relief; but they did not understand the guilty satisfaction of Carry in finding that they liked the nursery best.

CHAPTER VI.

THE time of Tom's holidays was rather a holiday also for Beaufort, who, having got a certain amount of amusement out of the notebooks and their record of school-life, was beginning to be bored by himself, and to think, under his breath, what a little prig and ass he had been in his boyish days, and how astounding it was that Carry should take it all in with such undoubting faith. He was a little of a philosopher in his idle way, and Carry began to be a sometimes disconcerting but often amusing problem to him. He laughed softly sometimes when he was by himself to see how seriously she took him, and how much his youthful superiority impressed her. It had not been in his intention when he unearthed the notebooks to increase, as he had certainly done, her admiration and, consequently, her expectations of himself. He had hoped, if anything, to beguile her a little from the pursuit of results, to make her less in earnest about the great work on which she had set her heart. But his expedient had not succeeded. She was more than ever bent upon the fulfilling of that early promise which was so beautiful and so wonderful in her eyes. Beaufort was half flattered, half vexed by this result. It is hard to resent a woman's admiration even if it is of something which is no longer yourself. It softened his heart, but it embarrassed him more than ever, as it made her more and more sure,

He took advantage of Tom with a little secret chuckle to himself behind backs. Tom amused this philosopher too. He liked to draw him out, to watch the movements of character in him, even to speculate what kind of a man it had been that had produced this child. He must be like his father, Beaufort said to himself, without any sentiment even of animosity towards Carry's husband. Certainly he had got the better of that man. He had obliterated Torrance, as it were, from the face of the earth ; but he had no such feeling as Carry had about Torrance's life and Torrance's money. He took it all much more calmly than she could do, not even thinking of the curiousness of the succession which made him owe all his comfort and happiness to Torrance. Tom, however, was the subject of various speculations in his step-father's mind. If this was what the little Torrance was modified by Lindores, what must the original have been ? And what would this one turn to ? an ordinary country gentleman, no better or worse than his neighbours, or what ? A vague sense in his mind that there might be future trouble to Carry in the child's development moved him mildly—for the distance between childhood and manhood seems long looking forward to it, though so short when we look back : and any such danger must be far in the future. It was rather as a droll little problem, which it was amusing to study, that Mr. Beaufort looked at Tom ; but for that reason and to free himself a little from the ever-increasing pressure of his wife's solicitude in respect to his work, and eager anticipation of something from him, he took during the holidays the greatest interest in the boy, going out with him, sometimes riding, sometimes driving, sometimes to the meet, where Tom's eagerness was scarcely to be restrained. Mr. Beaufort himself did not hunt. He was not an ungraceful horseman for a moderate and mild canter ; but if he had ever been possessed of sufficient energy to follow the hounds, that energy had long left him. He did not dislike, however, to ride to the meet or drive his wife over, Tom accompanying them upon his pony. Lady Car thought it was nothing less than devotion to her son which induced him to depart from his studious seclusion on account of the boy. She was very grateful to her husband, yet deprecated gently. ' You are so very, very good to Tom : but I can't bear to think of all the sacrifices you are making for him, Edward, wasting your time which is so much too valuable to be thrown away upon a little boy.'

' I wish my time was more valuable, to show you how willingly

I would give it up, for anything belonging to you, Carry, not to say for your boy.'

'Oh, thanks, thanks, dear Edward; but I can't have you burdened with Tom.'

'I like it,' he said. 'I like—boys.' It was almost too much for him to say that he liked this particular boy. 'And Tom interests me very much,' he added. Carry looked at him with a wistful curiosity. A gleam of colour passed over her face. Was it possible that Tom was interesting to such a man as Edward Beaufort? She felt guilty to ask herself that question. She had been afraid that Tom was not very interesting, not a child to attract any one much who did not belong to him. To be sure the child did belong to him, in a sort of a way.

'So you like school, Tom,' said Beaufort, looking down from his tall horse at the little fellow on his pony, strenuously keeping up with him. Had Beaufort been a more athletic person, he would have appreciated more the boy's determination not to be left a step behind.

'Well,' said Tom reflectively, 'I like it, and I don't like it. I think lessons are great rot.'

'Oh, do you?' said his tall companion.

'Don't *you*, Beau? They don't teach anything a fellow wants. What's the good of Latin, let alone Greek? They're what you call dead languages, and we don't want what's dead. When you've got to make your living by them, it's different, like Hall's sons that are going to be the schoolmasters when he dies.'

'Did you think of all that by yourself, Tom?'

'No,' said the boy after a stare of a moment, and some hesitation. 'It wasn't me, it was Harrison major. His father's very rich, and he's in trade. And Harrison says what's the good of these things. You never want them. They're only an excuse for sending in heavy bills, Harrison says.'

'He must be a great authority,' said Mr. Beaufort gravely.

'He knows a deal,' said Tom reassured, for he had some doubts whether Harrison major's opinions would have been received with the deference they deserved. 'He's the biggest fellow in the school, though he's not very swell in learning. But he doesn't mind. He says fellows that are to have plenty of money don't want it.'

'That's a frequent opinion of people in trade,' said Beaufort. 'I would not put too much faith in it if I were you.'

'Eh?' cried Tom, opening his big light eyes under his dark

brows more widely than ever, and staring up into his stepfather's face.

' You will have plenty of money, I suppose ? ' said Beaufort calmly.

' Oh, don't you know ? I'll be one of the richest fellows in Scotland,' cried the boy.

' Who told you that, Tom ? '

' I don't know. I can't tell you. I know it, that's all. It was perhaps only nurse,' he added with reluctance ; ' but she's been to my place, and she knows all about it. You can ask her if you haven't heard.'

' So you have got a place besides being so rich ? ' Beaufort said, in calm interrogation, without surprise.

Tom was very much embarrassed by this questioning. He stared at his stepfather more than ever. ' Hasn't mother told you ? I thought she told you everything.'

' So did I. But all this about your place I never heard. Let's have the rest of it, Tom.'

' Oh I don't know that there's much more,' said the boy. ' It's a great big place with a high tower, and a flag flying when I'm at home—like the Queen—and acres upon acres in the park. It was my father's, don't you know ? and now it's mine.'

' How old are you, Master Tom ? '

' Eleven in April,' said Tom promptly.

' Then it will be ten years before you have anything to say to your place as you call it. I've seen your place, Tom. It is not so very much of a place—as for a flag, you know we might mount a flag at Easton if we liked and nobody would mind.'

Tom's black brows had gathered, and his eyes looked with that fierceness mingled with fear which belongs to childhood, into his stepfather's face. He was very wroth to have his pretensions thus made light of, but the habitual faith of his age alarmed him with a sense that it might be true.

' We'll mount one this afternoon,' his tormentor said ; ' it will be fun for you and me taking it down when your mother goes out for her drive, and hoisting it again when she comes back. She deserves a flag better than you do, don't you think ? Almost as well as the Queen. The only danger is that the country people might take Easton for the Beaufort Arms, and want to come in and drink beer. What do you think ? '

' I say, Beau, are you in real earnest about a flag ? '

' To be sure. I don't know what you have on yours at the

Towers, but we have a famous blazon on the Beaufort side. We'll get a square of silk from your mother, and paint it as soon as we go in. I forget what your arms are, Tom ?'

'I don't know,' said the boy humbly. 'I never heard anything about them. I didn't know you had arms on a flag.'

'Ah !' said Beaufort, 'you see there are a great many things you don't know yet. And about matters that concern gentlemen, I wouldn't advise you either to take nurse's opinion or that of your young man whose father is in trade.'

Tom rode along by his stepfather's side in silence for some time. He felt much taken down—crushed by a superiority which he could not resist, yet very unwilling to yield. There was always the uncomfortable conviction in his mind that what Beaufort said must be true, mingled with the uneasy feeling that Beau might be chaffing all the time, a combination confusing for every simple mind. Tom was not at all willing to give in. He felt instinctively that a flag at Easton would turn his own grandeur, which he believed in so devoutly, into ridicule: for Easton was not much more than a villa, in the suburbs of a little town. At the same time he could not but feel that to haul it up and down when his mother went out or came in would be fun; and the painting of the flag with a general muddle of paints and means of *barbouillage* in general still greater fun, and the most delightful way of spending the afternoon.

'I say, Beau,' he asked after a long interval, 'what's in your arms as you call them ? I should like to know.'

Beaufort laughed. 'You must not ask what's in them, but what they are, Tom. A fellow of your pretensions ought to know. Fancy a chatelain in ignorance of such a matter.'

'What's a chatelain ? You are only laughing at me,' cried the boy with lowering eyebrows. 'It's a thing mother wears at her side all hanging with silver chains.'

'It's the master of a place—like what you suppose yours to be. My arms are rather too grand for a simple gentleman to bear. We quarter the shields of France and England,' said Beaufort, gravely, forgetting who his companion was for the moment. Then he laughed again. 'You see, Tom, though I have not a castle, I have a flag almost as grand as the Queen's.'

All this was rather humbling to poor Tom's pride, and confusing to his intellect, but he came home full of the plan of painting and putting up this wonderful flag. There was an old flagstaff somewhere, which had been used for the decorations of

some school feast. Beaufort, much amused, instructed his small assistant to paint this in alternate strips of blue and white. 'The colours of the bordure, you know, Tom.' 'Oh, are they,' cried Tom, determined to pretend to understand. And Lady Car found him in the early afternoon, in a shed appropriated to carpentering behind the house, delightfully occupied about this task, and with patches of blue and white all over him from shoe to chin.

'What are you doing, Tom?' she cried. Janet following stood transfixed with her eyes widening every moment—half with wonder, half with envy. What she would have given to paint the staff and herself in imitation of Tom!

'It's the colours of the bordure,' said the boy. 'I'm doing it for Beau.'

'The colours of what?' Lady Car was as ignorant of heraldry as Tom himself.

'Have we got a bordure? and what's our colours? and I want to know what are the arms, mother. I mean my arms: for I suppose,' he said, pausing in his work to look at her, 'yours are just Beau's now?'

'What does the boy mean?' said Carry. 'Janet, you must not go too near him; you will spoil your frock. Tom, your jacket will never be fit to be seen again.'

'I don't care for my jacket. Mother, look here. Beau's going to put up a flag for you like the Queen, and I'm doing the stick. But I want to know about my own shield, and my colours; and if I've got a bordure, and if we're in quarters, or what. I want to know about the flag at the Towers.'

Lady Car made a step backward as if she had received a blow. 'There was no flag at the Towers—I mean there were no arms upon it.—There were no—who put such nonsense into your head, Tom?'

'It's not nonsense. Beau told me—he's going to give me a lesson how to do it. He knows all about it. He says it's no use asking nurse or Harrison major whose father is in trade. It's only gentlemen that have this sort of thing. Mother, have I got a bordure?'

'Mozer,' said little Janet, 'please buy him a bordure.'

Poor Carry was not fond of any allusion to her former home. She was glad to laugh at the little girl's petition—though with a tremor that was half hysterical. 'I don't know anything about it,' she said. 'I will buy him anything that he wants, that is good for him, but oh, dear, what a mess he is in! Your lines are not

straight, and you are all over paint. Jen, come away from that painted boy.'

'Oh, mozer, let me stay!' cried Janet, possessing herself of a stray brush.

It was perhaps those black brows of theirs that gave them such an air of determination. Carry did not feel herself able to cope with the two little creatures who looked at her with their father's eyes. She had to yield oftener than was good for them or than she felt to be becoming. She took her usual expedient of hurrying in to her husband to consult him as to what it was best to do. He was in his library, and she had no doubt he was hard at work. It was generally with some little difficulty and after some delay that on ordinary occasions he had to be gently beguiled into his own sacred room after luncheon: but he had gone to-day at once with an alacrity which made Carry sure he had some new ideas to put down. And her heart was light and full of satisfaction. He was seated at his table leaning over it, so busy that he did not hear the door open, and she paused there for a moment, happiness expanding her breast, and a smile of tender pleasure on her face. She would not interrupt him when he was busy with any trivial matter of hers. She stood and watched him with the purest satisfaction. Then she stole in quietly, not to interrupt him, only to look over his shoulder, to give him perhaps a kiss of thanks for being so busy. Poor Carry! what she found when she approached was that Beaufort's head was bent with every appearance of profound interest over an emblazoned book, from which he was drawing on a larger scale, upon a big sheet of paper, the Beaufort arms. She breathed forth an 'Oh!' of sickening disappointment; and he turned his head.

'Is it you, Carry? Look here. I have got a new toy.'

'So I perceive,' she said. It was all she could do to keep the tears from showing in her eyes; but he would not have seen them, having turned back to his work again.

'A moral purpose is a feeble thing,' he said over his compasses and pencils. 'I began it as a lesson to Tom, to take him down a bit; but I find it quite interesting enough on its own account. Look here. We are going to rig you up a flag, as Tom says, like the Queen.'

Poor Carry! How her tender heart went up and down like a shuttlecock, as she stood with her hand on the back of his chair! Her eyes full of bitter tears of disappointment; the thought that it was out of interest in Tom and love for her that this futile

occupation had been taken up, melted her altogether. How could she allow, even in her own mind, a shadow of blame to rest on one so tender and so good? She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and patted it softly, like the mother of a foolish, delightful child. 'Dear Edward, I almost grudge that you should think of so many things for me,' she said.

'My dear, it was not primarily for you, but as a lesson to Tom,' he said, fixing the leg of his compasses firmly in the paper. 'You must take him to—his place, as he calls it, Carry. But I confess that for the moment I had forgotten my object. To give a moral lesson is a fine thing: but it's nothing to the invention of a new toy.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE flag, so castially suggested, became in effect a very favourite toy, both with Beaufort and his stepson. The one was a very ordinary little boy, the other a highly cultivated man. But they seemed to take equal pleasure in the flutter of the flag from the blue and white staff which Tom had painted with so much trouble, and in rushing out to pull it down when Lady Car in her little pony carriage drove from the door. They sometimes tumbled over each other in their haste and zeal to perform this office. And Beau's legs were so much the longest. It gave him a great and scarcely just advantage over Tom.

Carry was pleased, she was touched and flattered, and such vanity as she had was so delicately ministered to, that for some time this little folly, which took the air of homage to her, made her feel happy. To see the grave and gentle philosopher, with a long swift stride, almost stepping over the children to get at the cord, and pull up the fluttering flag, a brilliant piece of colour among the bare trees, as she appeared with her ponies in the little avenue! It was a little absurd, but so sweet. Edward did it, she allowed herself to imagine, as he had said, for a lesson to Tom—to teach him thus broadly though symbolically the honour that was due to his mother—not to Carry individually who never claimed homage, but to the mother whose claims, perhaps, the boy was not sufficiently conscious of. This was not at all the lesson which Beaufort had intended to teach Tom—but what did that matter? It had a certain effect in that way, though none in the way that Beaufort intended. It did give Tom an impression of the im-

portance of his mother. 'Mother's not just a woman like the rest,' he said to Janet. 'She is what you may call a great lady, Jen, don't you know? There's Mrs. Howard and that sort; you don't run up flags for them. Mother's really something like the Queen—it's in earnest. Beau thinks so. I can tell you he's awfully proud of mother. And so am I too.'

'Oh, Tom, so am I.'

'Yes, but you're just natural. You don't understand. But me and Beau know why we do it,' said Tom. And when he got back to school if he did not boast so much of his place in Scotland, having acquired an uneasy sort of doubt of its magnificence, he intimated that his parentage was not like that of the others. 'When my people drive from the door the flag goes down,' he said. 'It's such fun rushing and getting hold of the rope and up with a tug, as soon as they come into the avenue. Sometimes, when it's been raining, the rope won't run. It's such fun,' cried Tom, while even Harrison major's mouth was closed. The flag was beyond him. As for Janet, she looked on staring and observed everything, and drew many silent conclusions never perhaps to be revealed.

But when the holidays were over Carry's anxious expectations and suspense increased again. Beaufort kept to his new toy even when Tom was gone. He would interrupt his studies, springing up, whatever he was doing, to pull down, or put up that flag, till poor Carry's heart grew sick of the little formula which accompanied all her movements. She began to feel that he liked to be disturbed, and that idling forth into the air to perform this little ceremony was more delightful to him than to get on with that work, which, so far as she could make out, was not yet begun. He had found more notebooks after Tom went away, but the notebooks now began to pall a little. And slowly, slowly, Carry's eyes began to open. She never whispered it to herself, but she began to understand as the years went on many things that were never put into words. She became first of all very sick of the notebooks and the wonderful number of them, and all those tantalising scraps which never came to anything. Her own little poem which she had begun had gone no further. The dawning of genius—but the dawn was still going on. It had never come to be day yet. Would it ever come? Slowly, reluctantly, this began to be revealed to her, broken by many gleams of better hope, by moments when she said to herself that she was the most unjust woman in the world, grudging her husband the leisure in which alone great thoughts can develop—grudging him the very quiet which it had

been the desire of her heart to attain for him. The most unjust of women! not his wife and assistant, but his judge, and so hard a one! It was bitter sweet to Carry to be able thus to condemn herself; but it did not change the position of affairs.

One evening they were seated together in a happy mood. It was summer, and it was some years after the incidents above described. Carry by this time knew almost everything about Beaufort, and what he could not or would not do. And yet her expectations were not quenched. For it is hard to obliterate hope in a woman; and now and then at intervals there would still spring up little impulses in him, and for a few days she would forget (yet all the same never forget) her dolorous discoveries and certainties. It was after one of those *élangs* when he had displayed every appearance of being at work for several days, and Lady Car's heart despite of a thousand experiences had risen again, that in the evening, in a very sweet summer twilight, they sat together and watched the stars coming out over the tops of the waving trees. Janet, now grown almost to her full height—she was never very tall—had been wandering about flitting among the flowers in her white frock not unlike (at a distance) one of the great white lilies which stood about in all the borders. It was early in July, the time when these flowers are at their sweetest. The air was full of their delicate fragrance, yet not too full; for there was a little warm breeze which blew it over the whole country away to the heather and gorse on the Haslemere side, and brought back faint echoes of wilder scents, the breath of the earth and of the moors. Janet had been roaming about, never without a glance through the branches at the two figures on the lawn. She was like one of the lilies at a distance, tall for fourteen, though not tall for a full-grown woman, and slim too in the angularity of her age, though of a square solid construction which contradicted all poetical symbols. She had always an eye upon them wherever she went. Nothing had changed her spectator attitude, not even the development of many tender and loyal feelings altogether unknown to the outer world. So far as appeared outside, Janet was still the same steady little champion of her brother that she had been from her baby days, and not much more. The pair who were seated on the lawn were as always conscious of the girl's presence, which was a certain restraint upon their freedom. There was not between them all the same ease that generally exists in a family. Though she was quite out of hearing, they did not even talk with perfect freedom. When she

had gone to bed, called by the all-authoritative nurse of whom even her mistress was a little afraid, Beaufort drew a long breath. He had a sort of habitual tenderness for Janet as a child who had grown up under his eyes and was one of the accessories of daily life. But yet he was more at his ease when she was gone. 'How dark it is getting!' he said; 'the light comes from the lilies, not from the sky, and Janet's white frock, now she has gone, has taken a little away.'

'My poor little Janet,' said Lady Car. 'I wish I could think she would be one of those who give light.'

'Like her mother. It is a pity they are so little like you, Carry. Both the same type, and that so much inferior. But children are very perverse in their resemblances as much as in other things.'

'Nobody can say Janet is perverse,' said Lady Car with that parental feeling which, though not enthusiastic itself, can bear no remark upon the children who are its very own; and then she went back to a more interesting subject. 'Edward, in that chapter you have just begun—'

'My dearest, let us throw all the chapters to the winds. In this calm and sweetness what do we want with those wretched little philosophical pretences? The world as far as we can see it seems all at peace.'

'But there is trouble in it, Edward, all the same, trouble to be set right.'

'Not much, so far as we can see. There is nothing very far wrong in our little town: every "poor person," as you ladies call them, has half-a-dozen soft philanthropists after him to set him right; and we don't even see the town. Look at all those dim lines of country, Carry. What a breadth in them, and no harm anywhere, the earth almost as soft as the sky! Don't let us think of anything, but only how sweet it all is. I am glad that shrubbery was cut away. I like to see over half the world—which is what we are doing—as far as eye can carry, it comes to much the same. May I light my cigarette?'

'Edward,' she cried, 'it is all quite true. There is not much harm just here; but think how much there is in the world, how helpless the poor people are, how little, how little they can do. And what does it matter that we all try a little in the way of charity? Right principles are the only things that can set us all right. I have heard you say a hundred times—in the old days—'

‘You have heard me say a great deal of nonsense in the old days.’

‘Was it all nonsense,’ cried Lady Car, ‘all that was said and thought then? There seemed so many splendid things we could do; set up a standard of higher justice, show a better way both to the poor and the rich, and—and other things. I love the landscape and the sweet evening, Edward, oh so much! and to sit and look at them with you, and to feel all the peace around us, and the quiet, and that there is no reason why we should not be happy; but better than that I should love to see you lift up that standard, and show the better way, you who can do it, you who understand all the problems. That is what I wish, that is what I have always wished—above all, above all!’ she cried, clasping her hands. The enthusiasm of her sensitive nature overwhelmed Carry. She could not contain herself any longer. ‘I would rather even not have been happy and seen you great and doing great work,’ she said.

He stretched out his hand and took hers which he held and caressed softly. ‘My dear little enthusiast!’ he said.

‘Don’t say that, Edward!’ she cried quickly; ‘that was all very well in the old days, which you say were nonsense. I was only a girl then, but now I am middle-aged and not to be put off in that way. I am not a little enthusiast, I am an anxious woman. You should not put me off with phrases of the past.’

‘You are always a girl, Carry, if you should live to be a thousand,’ he said with a faint laugh. ‘If you were so middle-aged as you say, you would be content with results as we have them. Here we are, we two together with all the happiness we once so eagerly looked forward to, and which seemed for a time hopeless—very well off, thanks to you. Able to surround ourselves with everything that is delightful and pleasant, besides the central fact of being together, able to help our poor neighbours in a practical way: thanks to you again. Not so much as a crumple in our bed of roses—not a thorn. My dear, that is what you would think of, if you were middle-aged as you say.’

‘Then let me be a silly girl, as in the old times,’ she cried, ‘though it was all nonsense, nothing but nonsense, as you say.’

‘Softly, softly,’ he said, taking her hand again, ‘let us discriminate, Carry. Love can never be nonsense which has lasted like ours. My love, you must not blaspheme.’

‘Love!’ she cried. Carry’s whole frame was trembling, her heart beating to her feet, to her fingers, in her throat. She

seemed to herself only to be a slim sheath, the merest covering for that convulsive heart. There was something like—could it be scorn in the inflection of her voice. He took her by both hands now, throwing down the cigarette which had betokened the entire ease of his mind, and drew her towards him. Something like alarm had come into his tone, and something like indignation too.

‘Carry,’ he said, holding her hands fast, ‘Carry, what do you mean? Not that my love was nonsense, which never wavered from you, notwithstanding everything—not that you distrust me?’

The darkness is an advantage in many an interview like this. It prevented him from seeing all that was in Lady Car’s face, the impetuous terrible question, the impulse of wild scepticism and unbelief, the intolerable impatience of the idealist not to be altogether restrained. Her eyes asked what her lips could never say. Why did you leave me to be another man’s wife? Why let me be strained, humbled, trodden under foot? Why expose me to all the degradations which nobody could impose on you—and why, why? But Carry said none of these things. She could not. There are some things which the religion of the heart forbids ever to be put in words. She could not say them. He might have read them in her eyes, but the darkness kept that revelation from him which would have been more startling than anything Beaufort had ever encountered in his life. Finally Carry, being only a woman and a sensitive and delicate one, fell into the universal feminine anti-climax, the foolishness of tears. How often does their irrestrainable *non-sequitur* put the deepest reasons out of court, and turn the most solemn burden of the soul into apparent foolishness—a woman’s tears, which often gain a foolish cause, but as often lose a strong one, reducing the deep-hearted to the level of the shallow, and placing the greatest offender in the delightful superior position of the man who makes allowances for and pardons! Beaufort gathered her into his arms, made her have her cry out upon his shoulder, soothed and calmed and caressed her out of her passion of feeling. If any one could have whispered in his ear what was in the passionate heart that throbbed on his shoulder! but he would have smiled and would not have believed. She was a little enthusiast, still the same young ethereal poet as ever, a creature made up of lovely impulses and sympathies and nerves and feelings—his sweet Carry, his only love.

After this evening Lady Car had a little illness, nothing of any consequence, a chill taken sitting out too late on the lawn, a headache, probably neuralgic—a little ailment, quite simple,

such as ladies often have, keeping them in their rooms and dressing-gowns for a day or two. A woman scarcely respects herself who has not these little breaks from time to time, just to show of what delicate and fragile stuff she is made. But she emerged from her room a little different, no one could quite tell how, with a different look in her face, quieter, less given to restless fits, more composed and gentle. She had always been gentle, with the softest manners in the world, so that the change was not apparent to the vulgar. Beaufort perceived it for the first day or two, and it gave him a faint shock, as of something invisible, some sudden mystery between them; but the feeling passed over very quickly with a conviction of the utter absurdity of any such impression. Janet, who had never any words in which to convey her discoveries, and no one to say them to if she had found the words, saw it more clearly, and knew that something had happened, though what she could not divine. There were some faint changes scarcely perceptible, but developing gradually, in Lady Car's habits too. She was less in the library with her husband, abandoning this custom very slowly in the most natural way in the world, compelled by other duties which naturally, with a daughter growing up, became more important every day.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

‘DINNA press,’ says the discreet caddie, when the eager golfer tries to hit with more muscle than the gods have given him. He who ‘presses’ never hits hard, and wastes time, and temper, and even money, if he has half-a-crown on the round. This is the morality of Golf, and surely the Rochefoucauld of the game, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, might make it a parable of life. In life most of us need the advice ‘Dinna press,’ and it is applied to the intellectual and moral spheres (if you can apply advice to spheres) by Mr. Burnham, in *Scribner’s Magazine*. Mr. Burnham, writing on ‘Economy in Intellectual Work,’ is opposed to pressing. ‘Unessential ideas should be excluded from consciousness.’ This is very well; one should not encourage unessential ideas, any more than one should eat too much, but what ideas are essential? *These* are not; the world could get on at least as well as usual without them. But it is true that such ideas as we cherish ‘in extreme pessimistic anxieties’ are unessential enough, if we could only dismiss them, and lighten our pressure by saying, ‘Get out, I deem you are unessential!’ When one feels politically pessimistic—and such a thing may occur—it may be well to remember the political pessimism of the old Red Indian chiefs, as described by a Jesuit Father in 1639: ‘The Sachems are always complaining that the country is going to the dogs (*que tout se va perdant*) because the forms and customs of their ancestors are neglected. If a prisoner is being burned at the stake, and if the young men get excited, an old fellow will rise, and cry that ‘they are ruining the country.’ And so they were, for the French came, and the English came, and rum and gunpowder came, and the Hurons *did* go to the dogs. The medicine man of the Hurons was, on the other hand, a stoic and in favour of

banishing 'unessential ideas.' 'That Frenchman's a fool,' said this wizard; 'he lets things put him out. Now nothing puts *me* out. Come famine! let my kinsfolk pass into the world of spirits, let the Iroquois slaughter our people, nothing puts *me* out!' but the missionary reports that this stoicism was mere swagger, and perhaps none of us banish unessential ideas as well as we pretend.

* * *

The art of 'dauncyng' was recommended by old Sir Thomas Elyot, because it taught 'moral prudence.' The game of golf, so much sneered at by persons who have never played, may also be looked on as an ethical discipline, or perhaps penance. He who can bridle his tongue and temper at golf is almost perfect, and he is apt to be the more virtuous as a man in proportion as he is the worse player. He who never, or hardly ever, 'tops' a ball, does not undergo the temptations to cast all his clubs into the whins, to denounce the laws which govern matter, and to drown himself in the river Eden. But the ordinary player, still more the duffer, has to overcome these plots of the enemy. In golf it is necessary to bring a square inch, or so, of wood into contact with a circular half-inch of gutta-percha, and to do that with the full swing of the arms. Persons who have not attempted thefeat may reckon it not difficult; they who usually smite the ball with the sole, as it were, of their clubs, know better. The number of their excuses is a pathetic thing to hear. Their club is too heavy or too light; the shadow of their legs gets between them and the ball; their partner's caddy rattled the clubs; they have no nails in their boots, or too many nails; the ball was 'in a cup'; the wind caught it; the wind did *not* catch it; the 'green' is very 'keen'; the 'green' is not keen enough; these are a few of a man's *apologie pro ludo suo*. All these are preliminary to black despair, breaking your club across your knee; forswearing golf, and then going and buying a new set. Golf is like gambling or opium-eating; you cannot give it up when once it has lured you. Therefore the best way is to make golf a moral discipline, and to imitate that veteran and respected champion who, in the deepest bunker, or after missing the shortest 'putt,' was never known to say anything stronger than 'Dear me!' But it must be allowed that the partners are unlucky who play with the moral but hopeless golfer. They get

more moral discipline than they bargained for, when he lands them in every sandhole, however remote from the straight course.

* * *

Among the sorrows of the literary life (when it comes to be written) housemaids are thought to inflict the direst. A poet sends the following lyric on the subject: perhaps he has suffered like poor Miss Delia Bacon; part of her great work on Verulam's authorship of Shakspeare's plays was thrown into the fire by a negro waiter, a black man, if the expression may be tolerated. Perhaps the coloured critic was fortunately inspired, and perhaps little of worth, except Carlyle's first draft of the *French Revolution*, has really been destroyed by housemaids. However, the poet thinks otherwise, and thus he sings:—

TIDIED AWAY.

(TO THE AIR OF 'OVER THE SEA.'

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure.—SHELLEY.

Tidied away!
Tell me, I pray,
What has your housemaiden tidied away,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
She of the duster and broom?
For I see, see, see,
Your hair and your whiskers are fast turning grey,
As you rummage, for something that *was* here, you say,
Before tea, tea, tea,
This corner and that of the room.

Many a lay
Tidied away,
Lost or mislaid, that superlative lay,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
Lost in the gathering gloom,
With a sweep, sweep, sweep,
Stuffed into the whatnot or under the tray,
Or in tomes of philology, round me that lay,
Buried deep, deep, deep,
By her of the dustpan and broom.

Books of the day,
Tidied away,
Novels of April and numbers of May,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
Snatched from their critical doom.
Taken down, down, down ;
They take from the shelf to be read on the sly,
Works you might think they would find rather dry,
Ancient editions and brown,
Those maids of the dustbin and broom.

Bills of the play
Tidied away—
Nothing so easy for maids to mislay,
(*Maids to mislay, maids to mislay*)
Maids who are apt to presume ;
For they read, read, read,
And they dream for the nonce they are Sally or Nell,
Till they're much too absorbed to attend to the bell,
As with greed, greed, greed,
They read, and they tidy the room.

Tidied away,
Tidied away !
All I most care for is tidied away,
(*Tidied away, tidied away*)
Tidied away from the room ;
Till I pine, pine, pine,
To live for a year in the dingiest den,
Where dust settles down on the works of the pen,
Not a line, line, line,
Being tidied away with a broom.

L. C.

* * *

By a piece of great luck, for folk-lorists, a lady has sent two Scotch *märchen*, or nursery tales. They are not even mentioned, I think, in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, nor in the *Complaynt of Scotland*; and Sir Walter, who alludes to a lost variant, *The Black Bear of Norroway*, does not anywhere speak of

Kate Crackernuts, or that mysterious being, *The Draiglin Hoggie*. The stories were told to her descendants by an ancient lady of an old family in Angus, and by this time they are a good deal battered and worn. The sick sister is a little mysterious, and nothing in particular comes of the sheep's head. It is possible that some reader may know a better and more complete version of the tale.

* * *

THE STORY OF KATE CRACKERNUTS.

Once upon a time there was a king and a queen, as in many lands have been. The king had a daughter, Kate, and the queen had one. The queen was jealous of the king's daughter being prettier than her own, and cast about to spoil her beauty. So she took counsel of the henwife, who told her to send the lassie to her next morning fasting. The queen did so, but the lassie found means to get a piece before going out. When she came to the henwife's she asked for eggs, as she had been told to do; the henwife desired her to 'lift the lid off that pot there' and see. The lassie did so, but naething happened. 'Gae hame to your minnie and tell her to keep her press door better steekit,' said the henwife. The queen knew from this that the lassie had had something to eat, so watched the next morning and sent her away fasting; but the princess saw some country folk picking peas by the roadside, and being very affable she spoke to them and took a handful of the peas, which she ate by the way.

In consequence, the answer at the henwife's house was the same as on the preceding day.

The third day the queen goes along with the girl to the henwife. Now when the lid is lifted off the pot, off jumps the princess's ain bonny head and on jumps a sheep's head.

The queen, now quite satisfied, returns home.

Her own daughter, however, took a fine linen cloth and wrapped it round her sister's head and took her by the hand and gaed out to seek their fortin. They gaed and they gaed far, and far'er than I can tell, till they cam to a king's castle. Kate chappit at the door and sought a 'night's lodging for hersel' and her sick sister.' This is granted on condition that Kate sits up all night to watch the king's sick son, which she is quite willing to do. She is also promised a 'pock of siller' 'if a's right.' Till

midnight all goes well. As twelve o'clock rings, however, the sick prince rises, dresses himself, and slips downstairs, followed by Kate unnoticed. The prince went to the stable, saddled his horse, called his hound, jumped into the saddle, Kate leaping lightly up behind him. Away rode the prince and Kate through the green-wood, Kate, as they pass, plucking nuts from the trees and filling her apron with them. They rode on and on till they came to a green hill. The prince here drew bridle and spoke, 'Open, open, green hill, an' let the young prince in with his horse and his hound,' and, added Kate, 'his lady him behind.'

Immediately the green hill opened and they passed in. A magnificent hall is entered, brightly lighted up, and many beautiful ladies surround the prince and lead him off to the dance, while Kate, unperceived, seats herself by the door. Here she sees a bairnie playing with a wand, and overhears one of the fairies say, 'Three strakes o' that wand would mak Kate's sick sister as bonnie as ever she was.' So Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie and rowed (rolled) nuts, till the bairnie let fall the wand, and Kate took it up and put it in her apron.

Then the cock crew, and the prince made all haste to get on horseback, Kate jumping up behind, and home they rode, and Kate sat down by the fire and cracked her nuts, and ate them. When the morning came Kate said the prince had a good night, and she was willing to sit up another night, for which she was to get a 'pock o' gowd.' The second night passed as the first had done. The third night Kate consented to watch, only if she should marry the sick prince. This time the bairnie was playing with a birdie; Kate heard one of the fairies say, 'Three bites of that birdie would mak the sick prince as weel as ever he was.' Kate rowed nuts to the bairnie till the birdie was dropped, and Kate put it in her apron.

At cockerow they set off again, but instead of cracking her nuts as she used to do, Kate plucked the feathers off and cooked the birdie. Soon there arose a very savoury smell. 'Oh!' said the sick prince, 'I wish I had a bite o' that birdie,' so Kate gave him a bit o' the birdie, and he rose up on his elbow. By-and-by he cried out again, 'Oh! if I had anither bite o' that birdie!' so Kate gave him another bit, and he sat up on his bed. Then he said again, 'Oh! if I had a third bite o' that birdie!' So Kate gave him a third bit, and he rose quite well, dressed himself, and sat down by the fire, and when 'the folk came i' the mornin' they found Kate and the young prince cracking nuts th'gether.'

So the sick son married the weel sister, and the weel son married the sick sister, and they all lived happy and dee'd happy, and never drank out o' a dry cappy.

* * *

As to the *Draigling Hoguey* (or Hoggey, or Hoggie) he may keep to another time. To 'draig' (according to Jamieson) is to delay, to be tardy. No light is thrown on 'Hoguey.' The being, in the tale, is a kind of monster, or fiend.

* * *

It is not often that poetry reaches us from New Zealand; so, as the following little piece has flown even farther than the winds whispered the secret of the reeds, it may as well fly back again in print to the land of Moas and Maoris.

AMONGST THE RUSHES.

Away through the night, where the tall reeds grow,
 King Midas's queen hath sped,
 Where the slumberous river lies dark below
 She hath faltered a word of dread:
 'Bend low, pretty reeds, my secret hear:
 King Midas, my lord, has an ass's ear.'

And the tall reeds treasured it safe, I wis,
 Till the breezes of morn came by,
 When each, as it bowed to their greeting kiss,
 Repeated her gentle sigh:
 'Bend low, pretty reeds, my secret hear:
 King Midas, my lord, has an ass's ear.'

Then as ruder and louder the winds blow wide
 The traitorous whispers grow,
 Till a chorus rises on every side,
 As the reeds sway to and fro.
 Loud o'er the land goes that word of fear,
 'Lord Midas, the king, has an ass's ear.'

Ah ! had I a message, I fain would think
 Unspoken afar might go.
 Could I hie me down to the river brink
 And whisper it soft and slow,
 Would the waters that flow and the winds that fleet,
 Like kindly traitors, my trust repeat ?

And had I a secret of sweeter strain,
 That for ever must rest untold,
 Did I murmur it low on the reedy plain,
 Would the rushes their secret hold ?
 Did I bend me and murmur it day by day,
 Would it come to his hearing so far away ?

MARY COLBORNE PEEL.

* * *

The latest American plagiary-hunter, pursuing the old quarry, discovers that a certain incident in a certain novel is pilfered from 'the Persian.' 'Does it not immediately suggest to the reader's mind the story of the infancy of Cyrus the Great ; how, on account of his grandfather's dream, he had been condemned to death by exposition on Mount Taygetus ?' and so forth. That learned periodical, the American *Notes and Queries*, publishes this blasting discovery. Perhaps its author will kindly explain his theory of the geographical position of Mount Taygetus, and explain how it came about that a Persian baby was doomed to 'exposition' in Sparta, of all improbable places. Few persons have written themselves down dolts with more elaborate care.

* * *

Speaking of plagiarism, does not taste suggest some kind of limit to the horrors of shilling novels ? The unwary traveller who purchases 'only a bob's worth,' as Mr. Pickwick's cabman said, may find that his shilling brings him rather too ill-favoured a nightmare. One recent shilling-dreadful introduces us to a miscreant who tickles women to death and gouges out their eyes, also to the ghost of the lady thus unkindly used, who, in her turn, tickles the miscreant to death ! These scenes are described with great minuteness, the ghost is always on the premises, the

living characters 'tingle' mysteriously, as if overcharged with electricity; there are pictures of torture in the rooms, and the whole performance might have seemed agreeable to a notorious French author of the last century.

It is not hypercriticism objects to this inartistic heaping up of gruesome and tasteless impossibilities. As for the tickling villain, the writer in the *American Notes and Queries* may plausibly maintain that he is borrowed from the *Old Curiosity Shop*.

'That, ladies and gentlemen,' said Mr. Jarley, 'is Jasper Parklemerton of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed them all, by tickling the soles of their feet, when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. On being brought to the scaffold, and asked if he were sorry for what he had done, he replied, yes, he was sorry he had let them off so easy, and hoped all Christian husbands would pardon him the offence. . . . Observe that his fingers are curled as in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders.' So murder by tickling should be 'barren' in fiction, as lacking in originality.

ANDREW LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts. Contributions received after March 10 will be acknowledged in the May number:—

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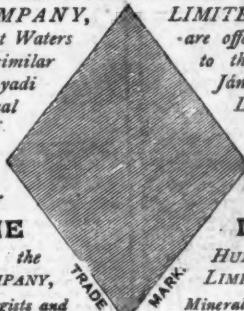
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